

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XIV, No. 10
WHOLE NO. 349

DECEMBER 18, 1915

{ PRICE, 10 CENTS
\$3.00 A YEAR

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The important event of the week was the opening of the sixty-fourth Congress, which took place on December 7. President Wilson, addressing a

The President's Message joint session, read a comparatively short but an extremely important message.

His chief theme was "the thorough preparation of the nation to care for its own security and to make sure of entire freedom to play the impartial rôle in this hemisphere and in the world." In discussing phases of this preparedness, the President developed the Monroe Doctrine into a Pan-Americanism, which is a "unity among the nations of this hemisphere in their purpose to make a common cause of national independence." This appears to be different from the Monroe Doctrine in that the United States no longer considers itself sole guardian of the other American republics, but only a member of a "full and honorable association, as of partners, between ourselves and our neighbors in the interests of America, North and South." Mr. Wilson then reviewed the plans of the War Department, which

contemplate an increase of the standing force of the regular army from its present strength of 5,023 officers and 102,985 enlisted men of all services to a strength of 7,136 officers and 134,707 enlisted men, or 141,843 all told, all services, rank and file, by the addition of fifty-two companies of coast artillery, fifteen companies of engineers, ten regiments of infantry, four regiments of field artillery and four aero squadrons, besides 750 officers required for a great variety of extra service, especially the all-important duty of training the citizen force of which I shall presently speak, 792 non-commissioned officers for service in drill, recruiting and the like, and the necessary quota of enlisted men for the Quartermaster Corps, the Hospital Corps, the Ordnance Department and other similar auxiliary services. By way of making

the country ready to assert some part of its real power promptly and upon a larger scale, should occasion arise, the plan also contemplates supplementing the army by a force of 400,000 disciplined citizens, raised in increments of 133,000 a year throughout a period of three years.

Passing to the Navy, the President announced that the new naval program

contemplates the construction within five years of ten battleships, six battle cruisers, ten scout cruisers, fifty destroyers, fifteen fleet submarines, eighty-five coast submarines, four gunboats, one hospital ship, two ammunition ships, two fuel-oil ships and one repair ship. It is proposed that of this number we shall the first year provide for the construction of two battleships, two battle cruisers, three scout cruisers, fifteen destroyers, five fleet submarines, twenty-five coast submarines, two gunboats and one hospital ship; the second year, two battleships, one scout cruiser, ten destroyers, four fleet submarines, fifteen coast submarines, one gunboat and one fuel-oil ship; the third year, two battleships, one battle cruiser, two scout cruisers, five destroyers, two fleet submarines and fifteen coast submarines; the fourth year, two battleships, two battle cruisers, two scout cruisers, ten destroyers, two fleet submarines, fifteen coast submarines, one ammunition ship and one fuel-oil ship, and the fifth year, two battleships, one battle cruiser, two scout cruisers, ten destroyers, two fleet submarines, fifteen coast submarines, one gunboat, one ammunition ship and one repair ship.

The Secretary of the Navy is asking also for the immediate addition to the personnel of the Navy of 7,500 sailors, 2,500 apprentice seamen and 1,500 marines. This increase would be sufficient to care for the ships which are to be completed within the fiscal year 1917 and also for the number of men which must be put in training to man the ships which will be completed early in 1918. It is also necessary that the number of midshipmen at the Naval Academy at Annapolis should be increased by at least 300 in order that the force of officers should be more rapidly added to; and authority is asked to appoint, for engineering duties only, approved graduates of engineering colleges, and for service in the aviation corps a certain number of men taken from civil life.

If this full program should be carried out we should have built or building in 1921, according to the estimates of survival and standards of classification followed by the general board of the department an effective navy consisting of twenty-seven battleships of the first line, six battle cruisers, twenty-five battleships of the second line, ten armored cruisers, thirteen scout cruisers, five first-class cruisers, three second-class cruisers, ten third-class cruisers, 108 destroyers, eighteen fleet submarines, 157 coast submarines, six monitors, twenty gunboats, four supply ships, fifteen fuel-oil ships, four transports, three tenders to torpedo vessels, eight vessels of special types and two ammunition ships.

Other items discussed were: the Mexican policy; legislation for the Philippines and Porto Rico; the shipping interests of the country; the financial program outlined not long since by Secretary McAdoo; naturalized citizens "who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life"; coordination between the Government and industries for defense purpose; industrial education on lines parallel with the work of the national Agricultural Department; a joint commission of Congress to investigate railroad regulation with a view to legislation improving conditions under which the railroads now operate. In discussing the additional revenues required to carry out the program of preparedness the President states that it is the "plain counsel of prudence to continue all of the present taxes or their equivalents, and confine ourselves to the problem of providing \$112,000,000 of new revenue." The new bills, he thinks, should be paid by internal taxation. The scope of the income tax should be enlarged, a tax of one cent per gallon on gasoline and naphtha would yield at the present estimated production \$10,000,000 a year; a tax of fifty cents per horsepower on automobiles and internal explosion engines, \$15,000,000; a stamp tax on bank checks, probably \$18,000,000; a tax of twenty-five cents per ton on pig iron, \$10,000,000; a tax of twenty-five cents per ton on fabricated iron and steel, probably, \$10,000,000.

The opinion of the press on the message is much too lengthy and varied for adequate notice.

The War.—There have been only minor actions in Belgium and France, with slight gains by the British and French in Artois, and some little advantage obtained

Bulletin: Dec. 7, p. m.-Dec. 14, a.m. by the Germans in Champagne. From the eastern front nothing of importance is reported by either side.

Along the Isonzo the Austrians have successfully blocked all attempts of the Italians to better their positions. At the Dardanelles and in Persia there have been no developments. The Russian army along the Rumanian border has shown no activity whatever.

In northwestern Montenegro the Austrians have advanced south of Plevlje, and have defeated the Montenegrins both north and east of Berane; further south they

Montenegro have also taken Ipek from the combined Montenegrin and Serbian forces, and are now pursuing them west of that city. The Bulgarians have captured Djakova.

Pushing west from Krusevo and Monastir, the Bulgarians have occupied Dibra, Struga, Ochrida and Resna, although they did not succeed in cutting off the Serbian retreat from Monastir. The failure

Southern Serbia of the Serbians, who are now in Albania, to effect a juncture with the French left wing necessitated the withdrawal of the French from the Cerna. This move together with violent pressure from both sides of the Vardar on the French salient at Krivolak and Kavadar resulted in the retirement of the French to Demir Kapu, and afterwards when the Bulgarians had driven them from this town also, to positions along the northern bank of the Bojimia. At the same time the Bulgarians have been violently attacking the whole Anglo-French line along the Vardar, and have taken, according to German official reports, both Doiran and Ghevigli. It is not expected that the Allies will be able to hold their present positions, and it seems inevitable that before long they will have evacuated all Serbian territory.

The German Government has acquiesced in the demand made by Secretary Lansing for the recall of the two attachés whose activities rendered them no longer acceptable to this Government. Dis-

Other Items satisfied with the procrastination of Austria in the matter of the sinking

of the Ancona, and further incensed by the attacks made on two American oil tankers in the Mediterranean, the United States Government has forwarded to Vienna a strong note demanding satisfaction. After rehearsing what Mr. Lansing accepts as the facts in the case, the note characterizes the act of the commander in torpedoing the Ancona before the persons on board had been put in a place of safety or even given sufficient time to leave the vessel as "wanton slaughter of defenseless non-combatants." The most significant paragraph is the following:

As the good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity, the Government of the United States cannot be expected to do otherwise than to demand that the Imperial and Royal Government denounce the sinking of the Ancona as an illegal and indefensible act, that the officer who perpetrated the deed be punished and that reparation by the payment of an indemnity be made for the citizens of the United States who were killed or injured by the attack on the vessel.

The note ends with an expression of belief that the Austro-Hungarian Government will accede to the "demand" of the United States, and will not "sanction or defend an act which is condemned by the world as inhumane and barbarous, which is abhorrent to all civilized nations and which has caused the death of innocent American citizens."

Germany.—The attitude of the German Government towards the conclusion of peace was clearly defined in the Reichstag's session of December 9, described by the

*Peace Discussion
in Reichstag*

Berlin press as "one of the greatest in German history." Germany, said the Imperial Chancellor, is not fighting to subjugate other nations. Her war has from the first been a war of defense for the protection of her life and liberty. Peace can therefore be possible only on terms that will give "human certitude that the war will not return."

As long as in the countries of our enemies the guilt and ignorance of statesmen are entangled with confusion of public opinion, it would be folly for Germany to make proposals which would not shorten but lengthen the duration of the war. First the masks must be torn from their faces. At present they speak of a war of annihilation against us. We have to consider this fact, that theoretical arguments for peace or proposals for peace will not advance us; they will not bring the end nearer. If our enemies make peace proposals compatible with Germany's dignity and safety, then we shall always be ready to discuss them. Fully conscious of our unshaken military successes, we decline the responsibility for the continuation of the misery which now fills Europe and the whole world.

The "pretext" that the enemies of Germany are waging war for the protection of small countries had lost force, he said, since the recent events in Greece. "Small countries are in a severe plight, since England is fighting for them." The time, he thought, had come when it would be opportune for Germany's enemies to make overtures of peace: "after the successes which we have gained against Serbia, after opening the road towards our Turkish ally, and after threatening the most vulnerable points of the British Empire." Yet no such overtures had been made. Germany's foodstuffs, the Chancellor continued, suffice. "The great economic unit stretching from Arras into Mesopotamia cannot be crushed." The more her enemies "continue the war with bitterness, the more will Germany need guarantees to insure her future position." The Chancellor's speech was greeted with vigorous applause. In approval of it, Dr. Spahn, the leader of the Center Party, said:

Though our enemies pledge themselves anew to persistence in the war we await in complete unity, with calm determination and confidence in God, the hour which will make possible peace negotiations whereby the military, economic, financial, and political interests of Germany will be permanently assured to the most complete extent and by all measures, including such extensions of territory as are necessary for this purpose.

The Socialist spokesman, Landsberg, agreed with the Chancellor that safe guarantees for Germany's security, and against the repetition of the present conflict, were conditional to peace, and asserted that the Socialists would never consent to a peace involving the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine. "If Germany's opponents," he declares, "do not desire peace because they insist upon the destruction of Germany's defensive force and the annexation of German territory, they must learn that the Socialist appeal for peace was based on no anxiety about the outcome of the war." Nothing, he added, could in-

crease the courage of the German soldiers more than to know that the responsibility for a further continuance of the war rested with their opponents. The Chancellor, said the Socialist spokesman, designated the occupied territories as "redemption pledges," and pledges are given back. The argument that Germany is not aiming at annexation, as her enemies state, made even the Socialist party caucus decide in favor of the Government's attitude in spite of some dissenting voices.

Great Britain.—By the time these lines are in print, Lord Derby's voluntary enlistment plan will have proved a complete failure, or else will have taken its place as a permanent part of England's war machinery. Originally planned to end on November 30, a first extension carried it over to December 11, a second to December 15. In an official announcement providing the first extension, the following statement was made:

It should be understood clearly by every available man, especially single men, at present unattested, that the opportunity offered carries with it an equal responsibility to present himself today or tomorrow, and so add to the volume of evidence now presented to other nations, allied, hostile, and neutral, that the determination of the country is resolute to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion.

This appeal seems to have awakened the expected sense of "responsibility." The recruiting during the three days preceding December 11 equaled, it is reported, the recruiting of the preceding three weeks; the second extension, in fact, was made necessary because the offices in London and other cities could not properly register the crowds that presented themselves. Many, however, who registered will never see active service. The War Office will exclude those who are engaged in Government work, or who are considered indispensable in the munition factories, in the mines, railroads, and for the conduct of business. Others, and possibly a large proportion, will be barred on further examination by the medical officers. The exact number of recruits has not been made known; but the trade union leaders declare that the success of Lord Derby's scheme does away with all apprehension of conscription. The last general census gave the number of men between the ages of eighteen and forty in England, Scotland, and Wales, as 8,100,000, nearly half of whom are single. It is generally understood that about 3,000,000 entered the service before Lord Derby's plan was adopted, and the claim is now made that between eighty and ninety per cent of the remainder have presented themselves. This would mean that seven out of every eight Britons have volunteered, which the agitation for conscription shows to be absurd.

Ireland.—Members of the Irish Party still continue to protest against the enactment of conscription. Recently Mr. Dillon declared against it twice, once at Mary-

The Irish Party and War Problems

borough and a second time at the County Cavan Convention. On the latter occasion he renewed his famous declaration that "no Government will attempt to put conscription in force in this country." Recalling the Prime Minister's admission that conscription would be impossible without general assent, he said:

In Ireland the overwhelming majority are irreconcilably opposed to conscription, compulsion, or coercion in any shape or form, and, therefore, the preliminary condition laid down by the Prime Minister does not exist, and any attempt on the part of the Government to enforce conscription in Ireland would, first of all, kill recruiting; and secondly, involve the country in scenes of turmoil and bloodshed, the consequences of which are horrible to contemplate.

Mr. Devlin denounces compulsion because "it would endanger national unity and arouse bitter feelings among all classes of the people," and Mr. Dillon

is particularly anxious to make it clear that we are not seeking to make any bargain for the exemption of Ireland from conscription. We are opposed to conscription in any part of Great Britain or Ireland. . . . Whatever may be the result in England, and I feel confident that there will be no conscription, in Ireland the situation is outside the limits of controversy. We are a separate nation, and our separate nationality has been recognized by the Prime Minister, by the Legislature, and by the King.

New Ireland believes that the Irish Party has completely established its position, but has serious doubts that Ireland can send any more men to the front, conscription or no conscription. The paper remarks that if the "new recruiting campaign does not succeed in collecting 50,000 men, the army will have to continue without their assistance," for whatever the outcome of the war, "the future upbuilding of the Irish nation is the supreme task which those who live in Ireland must bear in mind." *New Ireland* discusses statistics in relation to the war, stating: "that the total of 250,000 who are either with the forces or have attempted to join . . . must be approximately correct." This leaves at the most 600,000 available men at home; of these 430,000 are farmers or farmers' sons, or agricultural laborers. Neglecting the agricultural class there are some 170,000 to be accounted for. Of these there are at least 100,000 who cannot be spared from present occupations, viz: police, civil servants, clergy, 17,500; men engaged in transit and shipping, 17,500; skilled workers in indispensable industries, 49,000; coal-heavers, navvies, etc., 11,000, making in all 95,000, while "other classes too small for separate mention in the aggregate amount to many thousands." This leaves 70,000 men unplaced. Numbers of these have found temporary employment in England and Scotland, there are over 9,000 lunatics, approximately 4,500 invalids, temporary or permanent, so that the number available for future enlistment is extremely small.

Despite this, last month, the recruiting authorities demanded 10,000 men at once, and 1,100 men a week in December. Such papers as the *Irish Weekly Independent*, *The Weekly Freeman*, *New Ireland*, and *The Na-*

tional Volunteer are in accord with the Irish Party. On the other hand the remarkably clever and patriotic *Leader* says:

There is no alternative Party at present, and so all we can do is remain disgusted with the Party that lost its opportunity and went on the run when the great crisis came last year. And Mr. Devlin and Mr. Dillon may take it from us that the country is pretty well sick of the Party.

All this will give our readers a good idea of Ireland's present attitude regarding the recruiting question.

Mexico.—Official acts are rapid in unfortunate Mexico, and most of them are adverse to religion and morality. A summary of recent events will make this

Religion and Morality clear. On November 5 the *de facto* Government executed three pastors

in the Federal District, for alleged sympathy with Zapata. Authentic news comes from the city of Leon that the new Carranzista Governor, one Doctor Siurob from Queretaro, is showing the meaning of the religious freedom promised on October 8, 1915. In Queretaro this man banished priests, burned confessionals in public places, and held a ball in a church. All these acts, except the burning of the confessionals, he repeated in eight different places, the last being Leon. Church goods have been confiscated in that city, the parish church has been closed and armed sentinels are posted at the doors. The teachers of Leon have protested against the Carranzista program, but without avail. In his recent visit to Ciudad Victoria, in Tamaulipas, Carranza heard that the leaders of the city had held a bazaar to obtain money for an organ for the Cathedral. Forthwith out of a desire "to guarantee individual freedom of worship according to every one's conscience," the First Chief ordered that the money be used for "civic purposes," not for the contemplated organ. Recently the ladies of Monterey petitioned Carranza that the decree against confession be revoked. He refused the request. The pastor of Cuidad Camargo, relying on the promise of religious freedom, returned to his parish, rang the church bell for Mass, and was immediately sentenced by the commandant to hard labor on the public works. In Hermosillo the seminary, with all its contents, has been confiscated and the students dispersed. In Michoacan priests are forbidden to own property and one official has issued an order that a blanket form part of their dress. Further down in the country a commandant has decreed that priests shall marry and spend eight hours a day in "official work." This last expression apparently refers to work assigned them by State officials. In Tlaxcala, Catholic education is forbidden, and the full exercise of religion has been made impossible. Carranza's divorce decree, the most infamous among civilized people, is in operation despite the provision of the Constitution forbidding divorce. Palavicini, Minister of Public Instruction, recently divorced his wife and was married to another woman by a judge.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

For Christmas Day

CARDINAL NEWMAN in that perfect sermon, "Omnipotence in Bonds," has toward its close an arresting reflection. He has been describing the infinite attributes of God and enumerating the more striking conditions and limitations to which God subjected Himself in the Incarnation. He confesses that the contrast between God in His Divine nature, infinite, all-powerful, everlasting, and God in His freely assumed human nature, in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, in swaddling clothes, in filial subjection to Mary and Joseph, in the cruel hands of the Jewish officials, in the tomb, and in the consecrated Host, is a contrast that many may find staggering to faith. "For me," he continues, "I can only say that its effect upon myself lies just in the very opposite direction, and, awful as it is, it does but suggest matter, as for adoration, so for faith also. What human teacher could thus open for us an insight into the infinitude of the Divine counsels? Eye of man hath not seen the face of God; and the heart of man could never have conceived or invented so wonderful a manifestation, as the Gospel contains, of His ineffable, overwhelming attributes. I believe the Infinite condescension of the Highest to be true, because it has been imagined."

It is true, apologists of the Church do not emphasize this argument of Christian evidence. Perhaps it is too subtle for the weak eyes of unbelief. But for any one, who has pored over the history and life of mankind and has formed definite conclusions of human limitations, Newman's thought, as I have here reproduced it, must be fortifying to our faith. And if we are impressed by the thought that the history of our Redemption must be true simply because it has been "imagined," the impression deepens when we descend to details, and nowhere perhaps grows so much in strength as when we dwell on the story of Christ's birth.

In the first place, who could have imagined that God, the infinite, the everlasting, loved us with a love so surpassingly delicate and tender and intense that the combined mother-love of all time is only a weak and broken image of it? Homer, Plato, Sophocles, Vergil, what have these rare masters of truth and honesty ever uttered in their most exalted moments that might lead us to entertain the notion that the soul of man at its best and highest could imagine such an overwhelming fact? Greek genius fills us with reverential respect for the capacities of the human intellect; but its noblest achievement falls pitifully short of conveying even remotely the expectation that it could ever, on its own wings, soar to the outer edges of the Divine mystery of love. Before any man could think of the infinitely tender love of God for us, it had to be Divinely revealed. Only God Himself could launch such a mystery upon the world.

And then think of the Divine problems of which the first Christmas morn gave us our earliest intimation in giving to us its infinitely sweet solution! How was the Almighty and Eternal to show His creatures in a visible and convincing and humanly tender fashion that He loved them beyond the power of their minds or their speech to express but faintly? Fancy that problem flung wherever human minds and human imaginations were boldest and strongest and finest. Plato, if he were a thousand times Plato, could never, in the wildest flight of his genius, have had the dimmest inkling of the simple and touching story which is read in the Gospel of the Christmas Mass. This had to happen before it could be imagined by man. It had to find lodgment among earthly realities before the human mind could discover it in the realm of possible things. That we can imagine it at all is conclusive proof that it has actually come to pass. We give "thanks to Thee, Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Everlasting God, because by the mystery of the Word made Flesh a new ray of Thy glory has shone upon the eyes of our minds; that, while we know our God visibly, we may by Him be drawn to the love of things invisible."

The Christmas mystery, as it stands in the Divine plan of Redemption, is the uttermost finite expression of infinite love and infinite beauty. The extreme capacity of created and visible signs and symbols was exhausted, as no creature could exhaust it, to signify God's love for us. Only the Divine Master could thus use the materials of His creation to pour the Infinite into terms of human comprehension. He is a pitiful judge of spiritual values who can not detect unmistakable traces of the Divine daring of God's hand in the beautiful picture of that first Christmas night in Bethlehem.

And what is the clear message of that picture? God loves us, and He yearns for our love. How incredible, if He Himself had not said it! And how inspiriting in the loneliness and amid the fugitive shadows of time! The winds and snows of the centuries leave that picture and that message resplendent and unfading. Countless generations have knelt before the Crib, with the shepherds and the kings, to draw life for their souls, consolation for their griefs, strength for their temptations, hope for their despairs, and love for one another, from the Divine Babe nestling in His Blessed Mother's arms. It is even so today where pride has not hardened the heart and passion has not blinded the vision of the soul.

Of a certainty we ought to be glad on Christmas Day. And, by God's grace, we are glad. But there is a sadness, too. It is the sadness of beauty in excess, akin to the sadness which brings tears to the eyes at the loveliness of an evening sky, of a magical landscape of fields and trees and waters, of a glorious autumnal woodland. It is the exquisite sadness of glad meetings, not of sorrowful partings. For the heart is weak and feeble to bear the burden of great joy. We suffer the pain of defeated desire. An ocean of beauty! And the soul

can only sip from it! The heart strives bravely to enfold the torrents of delight which swept the Angels out of heaven down to the midnight hills of Bethlehem, and it can only sip a little sweetness here and there. And the anguish of its own smallness in the presence of Infinite Love and Infinite Loveliness makes joy itself a struggle and a trial.

But it is a blessed struggle and a sweet trial, and the sadness of it has no kinship with sorrow. For we know the heart can be expanded to receive larger and larger draughts of beauty by reason of that Divine principle of life within us, which we call the supernatural life of grace, growing in capacity and power with every good act, to be lost only by sin, to be changed at the last into the very light of God's glory, in which we shall see and enjoy the Divine Lover of our soul face to face forever.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

XLIV—The Young Man and Farming

IN this day of sensational writing, country life has not escaped. Many articles appear in conspicuous places in leading papers pointing out to the retiring city man and the nature-inspired city boy the opportunities, financial success, and enjoyment of pleasant environment on the farm.

At the outset, we should clearly recognize that a large part of this advice is of little value. In fact, the road to success in farming is not easy to travel. On all sides are difficulties which try the fiber of men. At one time it is excessive rain, at another time excessive drought, at still another it is the depredation of insects and the toll exacted by pernicious plant and animal diseases. If indeed these obstacles are overcome, the farmer has to meet organization on the part of those who handle his produce, which in some particular lines means a combination in restraint of trade which depresses his prices almost to the limit of non-profit.

There is no idea more misleading than that which the consumer often entertains regarding profits, based on what he pays for farm products in the city. Acting on this misconception, many consumers have left the city to engage in the production of farm produce, only to find that the tables are completely turned, and that probably not more than one-third of the consumer's dollar, often not even that much, goes to the producer. Therefore, the city man going into farming should make sure that he will engage in the raising of produce which will bring him the largest net return for his labor. Then, too, there is a great deal of idle talking about the freedom on the farm. While the farmer is not held to a time clock as is the city workmen, yet in many instances he is held to the equally exacting time clock of the farm, which requires him to put in long hours regularly.

I speak of these difficulties not because I think the city man may not succeed at farming, but because he should

realize the many obstacles that he confronts and should act accordingly. A full recognition of these difficulties ought to prevent many city men from leaving good positions to engage in that for which they are not fitted. The obstacles will only encourage those city men who have a real fitness for farming, and have what Professor Bailey calls "farm-mindedness."

But there are real opportunities for those city men and boys who wish to face the stern realities of the farm. I am speaking now to the city people because, of course, the farm boys know the situation themselves. There are in our cities many people with a real love for the out-of-doors life, who are just as much at a loss in the city as is the city-minded man in the country. Such a man should make every endeavor to get out of doors where he may enjoy plants and animals, but unless he is supplied with unlimited funds, he must make sure to engage in some lucrative phase of farming if his enjoyment is to continue.

In the East when we speak of farming, we mean ordinarily, farming on a comparatively small scale, the owning or operating of seventy-five to 150 acres of land, with an investment of from \$5,000 to \$15,000. Successful work on a farm like this, or even on a small poultry or fruit farm requires exacting attention to details, and this attention may not be delegated. The owner, in the main, must see to a large number of matters himself, and he must be particularly vigilant during the growing season. This constant attention is sometimes drudgery that wears down many producers, but without it there is no success.

On a well-managed farm there is plenty of manual labor that must be done, and the owner should expect to do a considerable part of it himself. Farming, as a rule, will not pay a man who merely oversees and does not work with his hands, so our prospective city man going into the country must be willing to labor. But if he likes the out-of-doors life, will give attention to details, and will work reasonably hard, the outlook is hopeful. He will in the first place make a very good living, and a profit ranging from five to fifteen per cent on his investment.

Probably one of the strongest advantages to be noted in farming is the opportunity it gives a person to grow old in the business. The sad feature of so much city life is that a city man is often out of place and just as often out of work after he reaches an age where more skill or speed may be secured from younger hands. In farming there is need of the ripe judgment of old age, and there is every opportunity for helpful and remunerative labor on the farm from aged hands.

So far I have been speaking of general farming, but I would not have the reader think that opportunities are to be found in general farming alone. There is a demand for good butter-makers, cheese-makers, stockmen, horsemen, both market and flower gardeners, and then there is always the place of foreman on the large farms

which are run either for profit or for pleasure. The raising of small fruits and poultry makes an appeal to the city man which should receive his careful attention, but he should take up such callings only after securing a rather thorough training.

In taking up farming it is not necessary that a place should be purchased outright. In many instances it is much better to rent a farm. In this way there is not so much risk involved and oftentimes a larger percentage may be secured on one's investment than where an outright purchase is made. Renting may be either according to the cash or share system. For the beginner it is preferable to work under the share system. After one has rented a farm for a while and saved some money, preferably through long-term leases, that is, for more than one year, the renter may then look about for a place which he may make his own.

In the ownership of the farm, there comes that sense of proprietorship and independence for which perhaps our city man has been looking for a long time. It is not necessary that he pay the full amount of the purchase price, as it is comparatively easy to get a loan from a bank or from some private individual for possibly half or even more than half the value of the farm. Those intending to buy a farm should be warned that often more attention is given to appearances than to real earning power. If the buildings look well and the yards are in good condition many a city purchaser is prone to overlook the fact that the fields are wet, stony or infertile, and that the revenues of the place are not sufficient to carry the necessary upkeep of the buildings. It is much wiser to examine carefully the crop yield and the productivity of the soil. Buildings and yards may easily come afterwards if the earning power is in the farm.

But I hear our city friend say, that so many risks have been pointed out that he is confused as to where to turn. My urgent suggestion is that he first secure practical experience, if possible, at the expense of some one else. Let him hire out for six months or a year on a good farm where he can make observations at close hand and take part in successful methods. After an experience of this kind let him go to the New York State College of Agriculture, or some other school of agriculture for a winter's term of twelve weeks, in order to get a somewhat wider view of the situation, and an opportunity to bring theories to bear on his already acquired practice. Let him take long counsel with able, practical farmers who have spent their entire lives in the calling. There is no mistake which the city man is more likely to make than that of overlooking the plain every-day suggestions of the man who has been brought up on the farm.

State and Government experts are, of course, willing and able to give specialized information as to the improvement of this crop, or the success of that method, but all this agricultural lore must be mastered by a practical man so that the application of methods bring

a good profit for the capital and labor involved. It may be satisfying to a wealthy man to produce beautiful fields of oats or hay, regardless of cost; he may point with pride to a dairy which produces large quantities of milk at an expense which is prohibitive in the commercial field, but the kind of success which the city boy of limited means desires is that which is built on a solid financial basis and means a steady production of revenue from a well-organized business. Many farmers are securing this revenue. Their ways are not secret. The city man will do well to get into intimate touch with such men.

Therefore, provided he has a real love for the out-of-doors life, is careful about details, is ready to work hard, has laid a sound foundation of practical experience, and has acquired a little theoretical training at the agricultural college, there are many opportunities open for the city boy, not only in general farming, but in many specialized fields.

CHARLES H. TUCK,
Cornell University.

Capital Punishment and Moral Order

THE principal end of punishment is the satisfaction of justice by the reparation of violated order, as we showed not long ago. To this a Presbyterian clergyman of some fame took exception a few months since. "Your moral order," he argued, "is unintelligible. It is less than an abstraction, for I find no reality from which it can be derived. Are human lives to be sacrificed to a figment of the imagination?" Things are sometimes called unintelligible, because people will not take the trouble to understand them. It is certain that the moral order, or, inasmuch as it is man's rule of action, the moral law, is something very real. Of nothing are all men more convinced than that there is an eternal rule of right and wrong, beyond all human control, above the highest emperor or Pope, to which every one is bound to conform his actions. Even those who assert the changeableness of morals, imply the existence of that higher law. For to say that something is now right which a thousand years ago was wrong, is merely to say that in this world of change something is so changed in its circumstances, as to bear to the immutable right relations different from those of the past. One may pretend to rest this false system of morals on the consent of mankind, on its changing views of moral questions; but this cannot be the lowest foundation. However views may change, or judgments, however men may agree rightly or wrongly in such changes; behind it all is the measuring of things by the unchanging standard. The old measurements are revised: the standard remains the same. Essential justice, man can neither make, nor unmake, nor change. What, then, is this essential justice, this moral law, this moral order, from which, try as he will, the most rebellious modernist of this rebellious age cannot free himself?

Order is the reduction of many things to one. In a number of books lying about there is multiplicity; but there is also a root of unity. Among them are relations of size, subject, language, author, etc. When they are arranged according to these relations, they form one thing, a library. That they are so arranged, comes from the intelligence and will of the owner which visitors to the library are bound to respect. Here, then, we have an example of order binding others independently of their consent. If we examine the world of which we form a part, we shall find these same three things, multiplicity, mutual relations, and arrangement according to those relations. We shall find individual men, of whom each is dependent on others for the full exercise of his faculties, or, in other words, we shall find man both individual and social. We shall find him, moreover, living naturally in society. We shall see that authority is essential to society. We shall see that man must live according to his highest dignity as an individual cooperating with other individuals to the highest welfare of all. He cannot do this if he has to live from hand to mouth, procuring each day the things necessary for that day. He must, therefore, be able to accumulate possessions against future needs. He has intelligence, and so can understand daily more perfectly the relations between all creatures in the world; he has free will and the physical power to coordinate and to subordinate all things, and first of all himself, according to those relations. Moreover, as he and all creatures in all their relations come absolutely and entirely from the Creator, who of His own free will has so created them, manifesting in all His supreme will, man is bound to live according to those fundamental facts of the world and to carry them to their perfection. Hence arise duties and rights, the obligation of performing the one and of respecting the other. This is the moral order; and, inasmuch as it is a manifestation of the Divine will binding every human will, it is the moral law. Inasmuch as it comes from the Divine wisdom, it is founded in the Divine truth, and its observance is clearly the highest justice, its violation, the deepest injustice.

The constant obligation of observing this order, requires one who violates it to restore its integrity. It is not enough to return to its observance, as if nothing had happened. Something *has* happened. The offender has broken his relations with God and with creatures. He has drawn creatures out of God's established order, to make them share in his own lawlessness. He has attacked God's justice, which is bound up with God's truth. The creature abused, God's order, His justice, demands satisfaction; and, in public offenses, public authority, charged by God with the protection of His order, is bound to see satisfaction made. In the measure he could, man has withdrawn the creature from God. From him, therefore, must be withdrawn proportionally something of the creatures that are, as far as possible,

his own. These are his goods, his bodily liberty, his life; and there are offenses too grave to be satisfied for otherwise than by the last. For instance, human life comes from God; to fix its term belongs to God. To each his life is most precious. By it he has his place in God's order in this world, and is able to do his part in that order. The malice that takes another's life, invades God's most absolute domain, violates His order in the highest degree, robs its victim of the noblest good, makes God's chief creatures in this world the instrument of its most audacious rebellion. For this God authorizes the penalty of death: public authority may inflict this penalty. This is one of the great natural truths, which have persisted among all peoples from the beginning. Obscure in its reasons by the darkness that has been induced by sin, it has never been blotted out as regards the sin itself.

"But your moral order supposes God." Quite true. It is also true that without God every notion of right, wrong, justice, obligation, vanishes. That those who deny Him still keep these ideas in some way, only proves how hard it is to cast off the convictions of ages; it shows, not that these ideas can subsist logically without God, but how monstrous is the error of rejecting Him. Without God, society with inherent rights can find no solid foundation. It can protect itself only because it has the physical power to do so, not the moral right. Brute force would take the place of justice; and Governor Dunne, of Illinois, would be right: "If one man, or three, may not kill a man, neither may twenty." For social aggregation, if God be left out of our social life, could add nothing to individuals taken separately but material force. But the dictum would have to be enlarged. Neither could twenty, nor twenty million, fine or imprison a man otherwise than by brute force. Whatever profession of a desire to reform the individual were made, its execution would be but an act of brute force. We should have also to reverse the dictum. Whatever twenty millions could do collectively, one could do individually. Each might sit in judgment on the other, and, were he strong enough, imprison his neighbor, mutilate him for his own protection or his neighbor's reformation, an error to which not a few seem to be hastening. As for any moral signification, Governor Dunne's dictum and a hundred others that are being tossed backward and forward by penal reformers, would be meaningless.

The war against capital punishment is, therefore, but a phase of the relentless war that is being waged today against God, the Creator of human society, the fountain of its rights, its duties, its justice, its laws. Of this some engaged in it are well enough aware. As to others inclined to enter into it through a false clemency, we warn them in the words of Gamaliel to the Sanhedrin, to take heed, lest they "be found to fight even against God."

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Mexico's Plight

THOUGH "hope deferred maketh the heart sick" and we, the unfortunate inhabitants of Mexico, both natives and foreigners, already so depressed, were driven well-nigh to despair by the news of the recognition of Carranza, it is nevertheless a consolation to note the unanimous sympathy of the American press for us in our trials. On the other hand, we are discouraged to see that those nearest the scene of the Pan-American Conference have taken its decision seriously. We fondly trusted some explanation would be forthcoming and that possibly the recognition carried with it certain conditions tending to render the Carranzistas innocuous by drawing them into a compromise making for law and order, as well as a general amnesty and guarantees to life and property. But it seems there is nothing of the sort. Not only is Carranza's faction to be looked upon as the *de facto* government of Mexico, but it will be assisted to consolidate its rule and carry out its utterly perverse and infamous designs. This is an ugly nightmare from which for us, so far, there has been no awakening.

As, however, one month has elapsed and no apparent change for the better has taken place in our situation here, it may not be amiss to send you a brief account of the recent doings of the Carranzistas in this city and the Federal District, as far as we have any knowledge or experience of them.

The *Mexican Herald*, an American paper, and the only reliable organ left in this capital, was suppressed by the authorities on October 26. It was publishing an English and Spanish daily edition and was naturally reticent owing to the strict censorship; still we regarded the paper as a kind of bridge connecting us with the outer world. It is gone, and we have only our immediate knowledge to be guided by, and, occasionally, some items that leak through the mails or are brought to us by travelers. It seems pretty certain that in the hour of its triumph the Carranzista faction is breaking up into several groups and that all is not well with it by any means. The ominous silence of officials does not augur any good. Mysterious preparations for defense at several points in the vicinity of the capital make us feel as though we were nearer the beginning than the end of the contest; while frequent interruption of railway traffic and the likelihood that traffic may be stopped altogether are very depressing. Add to this the material cost of living, foodstuffs and other articles ranging from five to twenty times their normal price, the menace of starvation, which is not less imminent today, but is more so, than when Mr. O'Connor and the American Red Cross were here, and the utter chaos of finances on account of the worthless fiat currency with which the men in authority are scandalously speculating at our expense, and some idea can be formed of our sad situation.

As regards order and guarantees, we are in the same old predicament. Consternation over the execution of Alberto García Granados and Gustavo Navarro is still fresh. The first was hurried off to his death after a mock trial, though even the public prosecutor had demanded for him only two years' imprisonment. The second, Navarro, who had been solemnly acquitted by a court martial on October 14, was immediately re-arrested and shot without further trial, on October 19. Some day a white light will be cast on these proceedings. Suffice it now to say that these two men, who died like Christians and heroes, were both in possession of proofs that Carranza, a few days before the Ciudadela revolt, was about to take up arms against Madero, the constitutional President, whom he now pretends to avenge.

Respecting the Carranzista amnesty, many persons who applied for it were simply arrested and others to whom it

was granted were afterward thrown into jail. Hence hundreds have had to hide.

Property of all kinds likewise continues in jeopardy. Up to November 4, 713 houses had been confiscated in this city. This information comes from the corresponding department, and I can bear witness to its absolute accuracy. Some of these houses, the finest perhaps, are personally occupied by the Carranzista military chiefs. Others are used for government offices, such as the police headquarters. Many belong to Mexican families who have never taken any part in politics, or even of late resided in the country. I may mention as an instance the beautiful mansion of the Iturbide family, generally called "The House of Azulejos" (blue tiles) which was for many years rented to the Jockey Club. It stands on the main street and is one of the most characteristic buildings of the town. It has been seized and handed over to the *Casa del Obrero Mundial*, a Ferrer socialistic gathering which in January and February occupied the Jesuits' residence in San Juan de Letran, and on March 10 desecrated the church of Santa Brigida and the Academy of St. Joseph next door. Of course, there is the usual grabbing of automobiles, carriages, carts, horses and mules, which was such a scandal a year ago, and is being repeated now. I could also describe several attacks on private houses for the purpose of stealing money and jewels, all done by men in Carranzista uniforms, a farcical imitation of the honored garb of the United States army. The police, of course, when applied to, know nothing, can do nothing and give no assistance. A young lady, not many weeks ago, was fired at and killed in full-daylight in the public park of Chapultepec, and the perpetrator of the crime, who was closely related to General Pablo Gonzalez, got off perfectly free.

As to the Church and clergy, though there is now more hypocrisy in method, the Carranzistas have not relinquished any of their evil plans. Only a few days ago eleven of the most respected priests in this very city were arrested, no one knows why; and though they were soon set free, it was under an injunction to present themselves daily at military headquarters. There is also news of several curates in the Federal District having been shot by the Carranzistas on the plea of being in sympathy with Zapata, a stupid pretext for such dastardly crimes. The Carranzistas have threatened to seize several of the principal churches of the city, but so far they have refrained, though a decree is out enjoining the clergy to draw up and present to the authorities an inventory of ornaments, furniture, and other belongings in their possession, which the revolutionists say belong to the nation. The readers of AMERICA know that such decrees have been enforced in other towns, such as Leon, Queretaro, Puebla, and Toluca.

In the meantime one may ask, where is the respect for religion promised by the "First Chief" and demanded of him by the American State Department? Where is his "material and moral capacity to protect the lives and property of nationals and foreigners?" Where are the ideals of justice and liberty for which the revolution professed such a hunger and thirst? Surely Mr. Lind or one of President Wilson's numerous confidential agents, or the Pan-American conferees can supply an answer to such queries.

Mexico City, November 13.

A. DE F.

Invention and Progress

THE idea of constant human progress now so practically universal, with its corollary of a comparatively near future when, as the result of progress, men are to be so happy here on earth that heaven will be quite unnecessary, has had some severe "jolts" from the present war with all

its connotations. A large number of people who thought they understood mankind very well were quite sure that a great war among the cultured nations of the earth had become quite impossible. We had *progressed* entirely too far to revert to such barbaric methods as war necessarily involves. Not only were they entirely mistaken as to the impossibility of war, but we are actually in the midst of what is probably the worst war that men have ever witnessed, and it is costing more in suffering, both for combatants and non-combatants, than any human conflict ever did, no matter how distant from us in time and place or any other conceivable circumstance.

Surely this ought to make it very clear that the assumption that human progress is inevitable is quite without any evidence in history. The idea of evolution has come to form the background of so much of our modern thinking that even to suggest that there is no objective evidence for it seems at once to indicate to most people that there must be something wrong with anyone making such a suggestion. It is certainly time, however, for those who think progress is constant to review the evidence which they believe they have on that subject. Most of them appeal at once to our great discoveries and inventions, the modes by which human intercourse is facilitated and time saved for mankind. It is surprising, however, if even this narrow view of human progress be taken, how much there is to make one doubt seriously the significance of these inventions and discoveries for real human advance or true human happiness. Everyone now admits that man cannot think more deeply, cannot create better literature and philosophy than in the past; he has no better vision and no finer artistic power to express his vision, whether as painter, architect, or sculptor, and when we come to analyze what the facilitation of human intercourse and the invention of things that make for human convenience amount to for humanity, the conclusion is rather dubious, if not actually discouraging.

I suppose that three of the most vaunted advances in human progress would be accepted generally as language, mechanical inventions and medicine. It so happens that three very interesting expressions from three men whose lives have been occupied to a great extent with the study of these three subjects have lately been brought to my attention.

Viscount Morley, in his "Notes on Politics and History," a university address which he delivered as Chancellor of the University of Manchester, in the summer of 1912, therefore long before the present war came to awaken men so poignantly to the realization that a good deal of our vaunted progress is mere empty show, uses these words: "It will do us no harm to digest a sobering thought from Locke: 'If anyone shall well consider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion that are spread in the world by an ill use of words, he will find some reason to doubt whether language as it has been employed has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge among mankind.'" That is, of course, a very disturbing thought, for usually it is assumed that language has been a wonderful help to knowledge in every way, and that it represents one of God's most important gifts or perhaps man's greatest invention.

Indeed the thought is so disturbing that at first blush some might rejoin: "Well, why should we take Locke seriously in the matter? He is an old-fashioned philosopher who did not know anything about the wonderful results in the distribution of knowledge that were to come in our time." Which is all very true, only Viscount Morley is not an old-fashioned individual at all, at least he has lived a life as full as any man's in the modern time, yet he is inclined to think

that the demonstration of the truth of Locke's words was never more clear than in our own time.

The second expression quoted by Morley is scarcely less disturbing. It refers to that wonderful development of our time which so many people are inclined to be proud of, viz., our labor and time-saving mechanical inventions. Morley says: "John Stuart Mill puzzled us many years ago (1857) by what seemed an audacious doubt. 'Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made,' he said, 'have lightened the day's toil of any human being. *They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number to make fortunes.* But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish.'"

Literally the drudgery and imprisonment of mankind has been increased by our industrial era of which we are so proud. Men and women worked hard before, but worked, as a rule almost without exception, outside in the free air of heaven, amidst reasonably healthy surroundings; they slept well, not in the slums created by factory conditions, and fed on simple things abundantly, and were much better off than our manufacturing populations. We are improving these sad conditions, but not nearly so much as a great many people think. Occasionally when I talk of the lack of progress of mankind, men say to me that if there was nothing else but the amount of time we are saving by our fast express trains, our telegraph, our telephone and, above all, by all our industrial system, that alone would represent a very great improvement and real progress and definite advance among mankind. One of the telegraph companies announced, not very long ago, that the telegraph alone had probably saved men thousands of years of time. To this argument and question there is just one response, which is very telling, it seems to me, and that consists in taking the Irishman's privilege of answering a question by asking another. I ask, then: Do you know anyone that has any time? We are saving so much time. Where is it all? Everyone that I know is on a rush, not only without any time to spare, but not even to do things that he thinks absolutely necessary to do. Above all, no one in the cities has any time. I may confess that I do know a very few people who have some time. They live far away from the telegraph office or a telephone and miles away from an express train or a trolley service, out in the country, and they have some time. We have filled up the time supposed to be saved with fussy occupations of all kinds, most of them quite insignificant in their results, and people rush ahead without having any time to themselves because it is all taken up with trivial things that pass with the setting of the sun.

The third expression that seems very striking to me is a quotation from Professor Holmes' "Address on Currents and Counter-currents in Medical Science," delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, at its annual meeting, May 30, 1860. Dr. Holmes, whom Americans of our generation are likely to think of as a poet and a literary man, but scarcely as a physician, was not only a graduate in medicine, but actually practised very successfully for a time, wrote a famous essay on "The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," which well deserves the term epoch-making, though that word is so often abused, and was the Professor of Anatomy at Harvard Medical School for more than twenty-five years, in the chair afterwards occupied by Professor Dwight. He had made his medical studies in Europe, coming under the influence of the great physicians of France in the first half of the nineteenth century, and particularly of that great clinical observer, Louis. Dr. Holmes made the following remark:

Throw out opium, which the Creator Himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed, there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover and is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors which produce the miracle of anesthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica as now used* [italics his] could be sunk at the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes.

Of course it may be said that this expression was used fifty-five years ago, and that since then the whole aspect of medicine has changed and we are now in a very different order of things and have a great many valuable remedies at our command. Within the last few years, however, Professor Richet of Paris, quoting a French historical writer, reminded us that "the therapeutics of any generation is always absurd to the second succeeding generation," with the innuendo that ours will probably share the same fate. Of course this generation is quite sure that what we have discovered in the line of remedies is final. But then for that matter so was every other generation for the last 2,500 years.

Now these three expressions of the nullity of speech, mechanical invention and medicine for progress are not final and are not Gospel truth, but they are startling opinions given by conservative, thoughtful men, and ought to make many people in our time hesitate about being so confident in the use of vaunting terms of praise for our wonderful progress.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., LL.D.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Rational Athletics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have acted on Mr. Shortall's suggestion given in AMERICA of October 30, and have referred to my English Dictionary. And I am still of the opinion that "athletics" is essentially a contest. But I am not finding fault with it for that. In fact that is what I like about it. That is what every live boy and girl likes about it. What I am finding fault with is the practice of our schools and colleges, where they give "physical training" at all, of imposing upon their students a mass of dry and uninteresting calisthenics, formal gymnastics, "corrective and educational exercises," and allowing only a few to get the benefits, the fun, character-building and love of wholesome outdoor sports, that are the fruits of athletics, properly conducted. I am so strong a believer in athletics that instead of allowing the men in our school to spend weeks in training a handful of boys to go out and win prizes and notoriety for the school, we are giving every boy except those excluded by doctor's orders, a good all-around training in running, broad and high jumping, hop, step and leap, putting the shot, chinning the bar, trunk lifting, combination dip, pitching a baseball, chest expansion and strength of grip. Our "school team" consists of 80 per cent of the boys on the register of each grade, and on that basis we have a standing challenge to any boy's school, to compete with us in any five of these events they may choose! This is what we call "rational athletics," as distinguished from the usual "intensive athletics" in which a school selects and trains only a few of the strongest to represent the school, while neglecting the great majority who become merely "rooters." We all believe in athletics, Dr. Walsh and all the other critics, just as truly as Mr. Shortall or myself. But even Mr. Shortall must admit that there is something wrong with the system that allows only 16.4 per cent

of all the young men in our colleges to get the benefits of athletic training in competitive sport!

New York.

FREDERICK J. REILLY.

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with great interest Mrs. Martha Moore Avery's articles on woman suffrage and would like very much to know just what she means by "Man is the head of the family and woman the head of the home." I knew an old German once who said, "I am the head of the house. My wife has a seat in it." His wife, however, went out working to help support the home. Many husbands act as though "head of the family" meant "head of the home." Perhaps if the two spheres could be distinctly outlined in her reader's mind, Mrs. Avery's article would have more weight. Again, if she is head of the home and society, should she not vote to make the laws which affect home and society, like school laws, juvenile court laws, divorce laws, marriage laws, etc? In many cases, before the agitation for woman suffrage began in this country, many women had nothing or very little to say about the home except to do the physical work therein. When husbands transgressed, and family life was broken, there were no *civil* laws to mend matters. In many cases canon law and church jurisdiction count for little in such affairs, as their results follow in the next world. A vote is needed to pass those laws which directly concern woman's province, the home and society, and women should have that vote.

San José, Cal.

M. E. S.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mrs. Avery presents "Right Reason the Cure" to the readers of your issue of November 13 in such a manner as to leave one in doubt as to whether votes for women is right reason or the cure. She incidentally includes a number of implications and assumptions in regard to woman suffrage that seem to have little connection with right reason and none with the question of votes for women. Among these assumptions are the following: Suffrage is a male right; female suffrage a "social disorder"; female suffrage is a rebellion against the moral order. Suffrage is as much a "male right" as teaching is, or working in the fields. There are many males who claim that teaching is a male right, but few, alas, who claim that for ploughing, or scrubbing floors. If there is any social disorder connected with a woman's voting, there must be as much connected with a man's voting. The same applies to the rebellion against moral order. What moral order? There is a vague implication that the Decalogue is mixed up in the matter too, and also the Transcendentalists! That is *too* much.

Mrs. Avery seems to fear danger to the "political integrity of families" from voting women. But what is the political integrity of families? And why is it that the voting man cannot menace it? And then the Socialist is in favor of votes for women! That damns it at once. The Socialist also favors widows' pensions, but Mrs. Avery condones that; at any rate, she favors the pensions. Mrs. Avery also sees rebellion to the moral law, social disorder, and many other evils in women asking for the vote, and none of these evils in their voting! The argument against woman suffrage in Mrs. Avery's article is not of a character to cause the proponents for that cause much concern; but the implication therein against Catholic women and men, who favor and work for the political equality of men and women is uncharitable as well as illogical. Now as to the family being the unit in the moral order, there is this to be said, that nowhere in the Decalogue or the Commandments of the Church can be found any mention of the family. One

of the things that Catholics hold most firmly is the truth that Christ was born of woman to save individual souls.

New York.

CHARLES O. HAINES.

Mr. Moore and Transubstantiation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reply to Mr. Rusk's letter of Nov. 20:

Article XXVIII does two things: (1) It denies a certain unofficial teaching of certain pre-Tridentine Roman theologians about Transubstantiation, and (2) it makes an assertion to guard the spirituality of Our Lord's Presence in the Eucharist. The article cannot be said to condemn a dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Church, for it explicitly states that what it does condemn "overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament," and the official Tridentine definition does not do this. A slight reading of earlier continental theologians is sufficient to show that the term "Transubstantiation" was used before the Council of Trent in many quite different senses, some of them materialistic to an extreme—as in the declaration forced upon Berengarius by Pope Nicholas II in 1059 that "the very Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ" are "sensibly (*sensualiter*) and not in a Sacrament only, but in truth" (a strange antithesis indeed) "handled by the hands of the priests, and broken and ground by the teeth of the faithful." Opposed to this materialistic definition of Transubstantiation is the *spiritual* and official teaching of St. Thomas and the Council of Trent. The materialistic view which our Article condemns denies the reality of the outward sign—the "species," in the technical terminology, of the Bread and Wine—making the effect of consecration a "*transpeciation*" rather than a true "*transubstantiation*," and so truly "overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament;" the spiritual, and authoritative Roman interpretation does not in any sense suffer under the same condemnation.

As to what the Article *asserts*, it is true that the Anglican Church has never wished to promulgate any detailed theory of the *mode* of the Real Presence, but has always been satisfied with a simple assertion of the *fact*. But any careful reading and study of the Article, and the circumstances of its composition, ought to be sufficient to refute my antagonist's strictures. All that he says on this point, indeed, presupposes a peculiarly false antithesis between the *real* and the *spiritual*. Innumerable references to St. Thomas could be made which show conclusively how far such an interpretation of those terms is from the mind of the Angelic Doctor. To assert that "the Body of Christ is given, taken and eaten in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner" is not to deny His Real Presence, but to assert It; while at the same time denying It to be a material presence—a "natural presence," or presence according to nature. St. Thomas himself states that "the Body of Christ as It is natural is in heaven, and according as It is sacramental It is on earth;" and again, "the Body of Christ is not in the Sacrament in the manner in which a Body is in place—that is, commensurate with the place by its dimensions" (i.e., materialistically)—"but in a certain spiritual manner, which is proper to this Sacrament," (*Summa* III, 75.1). In other words, it is His Spiritual Body that is present; not a material one. The term "corporeal" is evidently used by Cranmer in the sense of "material" or "natural;" as also by St. Thomas when he says, "Christ in His corporeal Presence has left the world and gone to heaven." (*Expositio in Canticis Canticorum*, cap. 1).

Mr. Rusk entirely misquotes the Article as saying that Christ is "*given*, perceived, and eaten by Faith only." Now what the Article really says is that "the Body of Christ is *given*, taken, and eaten in the Supper only in an heavenly and spiritual manner;" and that "the means whereby the Body of

Christ is *perceived* (not "given") "and eaten in the Supper is Faith." So also St. Thomas: "that the Body and Blood of Christ are in the Sacrament, can be comprehended neither by the senses nor by the intellect, but by faith alone which rests upon the divine authority" (*Summa, loc. cit.*) Faith, of course, is the means of spiritual discernment and of all participation in spiritual gifts. If "spiritually only" means "not sacramentally and really," then we as well as you anathematize such a proposition; but if the "sacramental and real" are the "spiritual," as you and we seem to agree that they are, then there is no real opposition between us.

Finally: I agree with Mr. Rusk in condemning the "horrid" Royal Oath against Transubstantiation; and the matter of the so-called "Supreme Headship" I have treated in another letter. No authority whatever is assigned by the Anglican Church to the Westminster Confession of 1647.

Cleveland.

JARED S. MOORE.

The Open Shop

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. V. N. Daspit, in AMERICA for December 4, as is usual with pro-union sympathizers, overlooks the fact that aside from the few who control the manufacture of patented articles, most manufacturers have to meet competition and are not free to pay a scale of wages other than the one that prevails in each particular line. Core-making is not a skilled occupation, if it were it would mean a four years' apprenticeship instead of only thirty days' practice at pounding sand into a hole, before commanding wages above those of a common laborer. It is precisely this grade of slightly skilled, as well as the larger class of wholly unskilled laborers, that creates distressful situations. During the 1914-15 industrial depression, I saw, day after day at the factory gates from fifty to a hundred applicants for laborers' jobs while some of our machines stood idle for dearth of four-dollar-a-day men to run them. No amount of paternal relief would help these laborers, even if such relief were possible for an industry, in more than a temporary way; the remedy needed should start further back, in the provision of trade schools where the workman's skill would be raised to a point above the low one now a glut on the labor market. We have such provision in the "Milwaukee School of Trades for Boys," originally organized and financed by employers until its worth to the community was so established that it was taken over by the public school system. Its ever increasing success makes the school an object of admiring interest to visitors from all parts of the country.

I have great respect for Cardinal O'Connell, but as President Cleveland said on one occasion, "It is a condition, not a theory that confronts us," and the employer, whatever his philosophy, has to make the best of that condition or cease being an employer. It seems to me that a man who, aside from his religious affiliations, installs every workable safety device and who makes his plant as sanitary as the nature of the work will allow, who pays the highest rate of wages in that industry and in his intercourse with his employees observes the golden rule, comes pretty close to complying with his responsibility to God and man. The closed shop, where it dominates the labor market, is invariably honey-combed with graft; a few fatten on the turmoil and the majority are ground between the greed of their leaders and the reprisals of the owners who have to take a stand in self-defense. Chicago is a present example; fifty-four of the business agents of the unions were indicted there last Friday, December 3, for blackmail to an amount upward of \$10,000,000.00. On the other hand, all is peace and serenity in Milwaukee because here the open-shop plan prevails, except in the rail-

road shops and the breweries, and these the unions keep in hot water a-plenty!

Milwaukee.

T. J. NEACY.

Mr. Moore and Anglican Claims

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his letter of December 4 Mr. Moore did not answer the specific challenge that if the Anglican Church is Catholic, he give to the readers of AMERICA a set of absolutely Catholic doctrines to which *all* the bishops, clergy, and laity of the English Church would *interiorly* and *conscientiously* assent. Instead of this he honestly admits the shameful fact that Anglicanism, though claiming to be a true part of the Catholic Church, the pillar and ground of truth, does through its highest officials teach heresy. Here then we have the anomaly of a church which teaches truth and falsehood at the same time. What a contradiction in terms! What an insult to the Church of the God of Truth, to that Church which expelled from its bosom an Arius, a Pelagius, a Nestorius for teaching doctrines similar to those advocated by the Anglican Church of the present day! But out of his own mouth do I again condemn him. For how, except to an Anglo-Catholic, can a church pretend to be in any sense, a part of Christ's Church, which not only teaches heresy but is absolutely incapable of purging itself of these blasphemous tenets? To insist then that in spite of such heresies, Anglicanism is nevertheless a branch of the true Church is, though perhaps unintentionally, a most outrageous insult to Christ who in unmistakable language, promised that *His* Church should never teach error, that the Spirit of Truth would *always* abide with it. This promise of Christ means, as Mr. Moore well knows, that no part of Christ's Church, supposing that there are parts, can ever teach error or allow it to be taught. If it does, then of a surety Christ's Church *has* failed. This then settles the whole dispute between us. Either Christ has kept His promise or He has not. If He has, then it is metaphysically impossible that Anglicanism can be a true part of His Church, and Mr. Moore stands self-condemned since he admits Anglicanism teaches error. If He has not, then no matter what other admirable qualities He may possess, one thing is at least certain, He is not God, but a detestable charlatan, an infamous impostor. Now the Roman Church which *alone* dares openly lay claim to an indwelling of the Spirit of Truth, which has prevented her from teaching error and from allowing it to be taught, is either the true and only representative of God in the world, or else is the most reckless, depraved and audacious impostor that ever mocked God or man. If the first alternative is true then Mr. Moore and his fellow-Anglican-Catholics must submit to it; if the second is true, then it merits not his esteem and friendship but his supreme contempt and execration. Either, however, is fatal to his own theory of a church. If High Churchmen imprudently insist upon a *literal* fulfillment of Christ's solemn promises, they must not only honestly acknowledge that these promises were *never* accomplished in their own church, as facts testify and Mr. Moore admits, but also confess that the Roman Church has at least a plausible claim to be the only heir to such promises. This plausibility is derived from the indisputable facts that such a claim was acknowledged by the whole Western Church from its beginning until now, by the whole Eastern Church and the *Anglican* for over a thousand years. Either then these promises were fulfilled in the Roman Church—and this Mr. Moore must admit since it is from *its* bishops he claims to derive Anglican orders—or they were never fulfilled at all, which cannot be said without blasphemy. And consequently if Christ intended His Church to be one both in doc-

trine and in discipline, then it is evidently the Church of England, the most energetic living protest against that idea, since it admits such an infinite diversity of contradictory doctrinal opinions, and not the "Church of Rome," which is in error.

Mobile.

E. I. F.

[The controversy between E. I. F. and Mr. Jared Moore is now closed.—Editor AMERICA.]

The Celt and Politics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May one admire the glowing picture of the future of the Celt in Boston as limned by James D. Russell in your issue of December 4, and yet grieve that he should decry the background which brings out all the beautiful possibilities of his canvas? What can he know of the days when the Celt was a hewer of wood and a drawer of water? Mr. Russell's choice vocabulary and well-rounded periods bespeak his nearness to his college days and betray his youth. How, then, should he know that through "politics," and through "politics" alone, was the Celt of that other day enabled to blaze the way for the Russells of this generation to enter the promised land and take the place in the business world so long denied them, but which was, and is, theirs of right? "Talents prostituted," "parading of our shame" These be harsh terms, my masters!

Exploited we have been. One may not deny it. Nor may one deny that out of each exploitation we have extracted some profit. We began by voting, and the candidates were not ours. Then we bred men and votes, and brought forth our own candidates. Surely that was a natural and proper and substantial progress.

It has been a matter of concern to others besides Mr. Russell that our choice for political preferment was not always wise. *Peccavimus!* Therefore our political activities were shameful? O, Mr. Russell *et al!* Can we say to our young man who has gone into business that he will never hear of a premeditated failure? Can we say to our insurance novice that he will never encounter a corruptionist? Can we say to our mercantile neophyte that no one will ever impress upon him the unwritten, but immutable, law that "there are tricks in all trades"?

We rail not at the bridge that carries us over, though we stumble occasionally on our way. A very handy thing around Boston is that little "Irish vote." It may be that our "best minds" are made uncomfortable by referring to it. But *they* know it, and fear it, and respect it. It enters into all *their* calculations. Dissipate or merge it and we shall quickly become the negligible quantity we were. Once more, if that day come, we shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water, scriveners at desks, cogs in the wheels, animated pieces of office furniture, to be remembered annually by our benevolent patrons and rewarded at Christmas with a five-dollar gold-piece.

But that day cannot come again. The old Celt builded too well for that. The fields where he won his political battles have fructified, and from them, Mr. Russell, you may forever draw subsistence for the greater conquests which you plan.

Yours is a great work. It is the work we have expected of you. Send forth our young men, full panoplied, to do great deeds in the business arena, but do not forget that your political forbears made possible the opportunities which you grasp.

This above all. When the "best minds are in accord," beware! There was once a man who is described as giving thanks to the Lord that he was not like unto one of these—politicians.

Roxbury, Mass.

THOMAS J. HURLEY.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSlein;
Treasurer, JOHN D. WHEELER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00 (16s.)

Address:
THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The Bond of Peace

TO its many readers in many lands, who in spite of clashing interests, divided sympathies and race antagonisms, are nevertheless men of undoubted good will, AMERICA extends the compliments of the season, wishing them at the same time all the blessings that come with the Christ Child each succeeding Christmas, and especially the peace that passeth understanding, peace with self, peace with God, and where unhappily it does not now obtain, peace also with the neighbor. It behooves us this year more than ever before to emphasize and insist on the Christmas bond of union that binds all men together in the mystical body of the Lord. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has the human race been so torn asunder in strife and hatred; other ties fashioned out of flesh and blood, commercial and financial relations, propinquity of territory, and the common heritage of a suffering humanity, have to a great extent been rent in twain. Nothing remains to make the sons of men one but the sole bond that is in Christ, a bond invisible but strong beyond the breaking, a bond forged out of the love of the God-Man who extended tiny hands in pleading from the straw at Bethlehem and outstretched tired arms in patient anguish on the Cross. Other relationships have been ruthlessly and recklessly repudiated, but at least our brotherhood in Jesus Christ still endures. On Christmas Day may the nations at war acknowledge this kinship, and in virtue of it invoke upon one another the peace that is promised to good will. Above the roar of the cannon, the groans of the dying, and the sobs of the widows will be heard on Christ's Birthday the words of benediction, "Unto us is born a Saviour." Not unto me, but unto us. The word us embraces all the world. Thanks be to God, amid the wrack and ruin of human ties, men are still one in the common friendship of Christ, who this year no less than in other years is the Prince of Peace.

The Angel of Riverside Drive

"THROUGH this rough camp the Maid moved like an angel of God." So writes the old chronicler in after years. His memory lives in those stirring days when the banner of Jesus and Mary roused the land against the Burgundian. He has not forgotten the valiant deeds of the Maid of France as she fought for her King. The peal of the glorious trumpets of Orleans, the triumphant chanting of exultant choirs on the day when the rightful King came to his own at Reims, yet re-echoes in his ears and he sees uncertainly through wet eyes the mingled flame and smoke of Rouen's pyre. But neither time nor smoke nor aged eyes can pale the radiant vision of that holy child who, in court and camp and prison, "moved like an angel of God."

Angels are the bearers of messages from the Most High. What is the message of Blessed Joan of Arc, now enthroned in bronze on Riverside Drive? She has but one; love of God above all things, and love of home and country in God. The sweetness of an unspoiled child, the bravery of a chevalier without fear and without reproach, the purity of an angel, given for a little time to earth; these things made the life of Lorraine's matchless maid, because more than all else she loved with all her innocent heart "her fair Father, Christ." She left her beloved home, she put herself at the head of armies, she gave her life for her country, because she knew that sacrifice is the burden and test of love. Her home with all its dear memories, the mystic tree about which she danced as a child, her playmates, the little church in the village, she recalled in the days of sorrow, with that tender affection of which only the heart that is fixed on God is capable. Love was her only Lord and guide; and flame, the instrument of man's barbarity, by a cruel fitness wreathed itself as tendrils around the heart that had ever been an ardent fire, burning on God's altar.

Love of God, love of home, love of country. This is the message, so much needed in these days of broken ideals, brought us by the angelic Maid. May she become in truth the Angel of Riverside Drive, and may the thousands who, intent on trifles, now hurry along this beautiful avenue pause for a moment to learn wisdom from this "most womanly of women who ever lived," Blessed Joan of Arc.

Additions to the "White List"

THE Catholic Theater Movement has just published a list of twenty plays "which in the main are free from objectionable features." These additions, together with the list issued last February, make up a total of 199 plays that in the judgment of a committee of competent Catholic critics are such that they may be attended with a safe conscience. Not all of them indeed meet with entire approval, in our opinion one mentioned is objectionable, but it is much to know that amidst the

deluge of dramatic representations of one kind or another that are making their appeal to the modern theater-goer, there are not a few that can at least be "tolerated."

To our shame it must be confessed that the vast majority of the musical comedies and problem plays, now on the stage, are confessedly pornographic in character and are exploiting the discussion of sex to allure the unwary to destruction. To our shame it must also be admitted that many of our Catholic men, and what is worse, our Catholic women, are frequenting these productions, sometimes surreptitiously but often with an unblushing disregard for appearances. There was a time when parents were careful about what plays they would allow their children, and especially their young daughters, to attend. Such a state of things is passing. Not only do the children themselves determine what schools they shall enter, what books they shall read, they decide what plays they shall see. An indication of this trend is found in the expression, such and such a play is "not one to which a girl could take her mother." Thank God, there are still left some such mothers! But how many of them will there be in the next generation? One shrinks from the answer. In the name of Catholic purity, which is the heritage of Catholic youth, we urge all who care to keep their hearts clean, to get the list of permissible plays, published by the *Catholic Theater Movement* at 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York City, and save their children and themselves from the degradation of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Treated Like a Dog!

WITH tear-dimmed eyes the lady of the mansion stood watching her dying servitor. For twenty long years he had served her faithfully, always at hand, obedient to her slightest wish. And now he lay a-dying. As she watched him he breathed his last sigh, his life of service was over, he was dead. And that the memory of his faithfulness might not be held cheaply, the lady of the mansion commanded the body to be prepared for burial. The undertaker was called in to embalm it, and it was laid in a casket mounted with silver, the most expensive casket the undertaker had, and found honorable burial in the family lot. Thus is the faithful servant honored in death.

But it was not the family butler who had died, nor was it the aged and faithful negro servant who had served the master when he was a boy: it was the pet dog. And it happened, not in Europe where the seats of the mighty are made mightier and the humble and meek are encouraged to show a respectful deference, but in New England, where, so it is said, all men are born with equal chances.

There is one thing we may learn from this incident, and that is that the use of language may become almost a sacred and awful thing. We say "treated like a gentleman" when we should really say "treated like a dog!"

For the unhappy child whose little life is stunted and spoiled by work in the mill or factory, the tiny babes crying for food, the tired mothers who toil day and night at some unhealthful task for the barest necessities of life, the sad fathers gaunt and hollow-cheeked tramping the streets for work, are not treated like dogs: they are treated like "gentlemen" or, say, Mexicans!

Of course, there are many pet dogs that are faithful, and many more men who are unfaithful. But the cry of the most unlovable and most undeserving of "God's poor" smites upon the doors of Heaven, until it reaches to the ear of Him who is the "Father of the Poor." And what shall it profit the most tender-hearted lover of pet dogs to gain a whole front page of a newspaper, and to hear at the last reckoning: "Depart from me. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not unto one of these least, neither did you do it to me." For the justice of the courts of Heaven judges not of sanctity in terms of sanitation, nor is the plea of a soul heard there according to devotion to a dog.

The Supreme Preparedness

THE cry of preparedness is in the air. It is a preparedness consisting in unlimited supplies of guns and men, of aeroplanes and submarines and superdreadnaughts, of bombs and shells and rounds of ammunition. Meanwhile the Church is recalling to our minds, during the Advent season, the preacher of another and very different preparedness. The world is embroiled in wars, there is rumor of social upheavals and coming revolutions, and all the while our gay "society" is dancing its way to ruin like the daughter of Herodias, and all because that message of preparedness has not been heeded. Yet amid the wilderness of the warring world we still hear a voice calling: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths."

Here alone, therefore, is the preparedness that can save civilization and re-Christianize it. "Do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," is the warning of the great Precursor to our age as to the Jews of his generation. More necessary than all martial preparations is that spiritual preparedness. The world is in a fever of passion, unable to judge calmly. Nothing is seemingly farther from its thought than the repentance and penance which it needs most of all. It has cast forth the Prince of Peace as of old He was rejected at Bethlehem. It cannot hear Him now for the din it is making. But there is no salvation for it save in Him alone. Whatever we may think of the need of material preparedness or the limits to be set to it, we cannot be indifferent to the necessity of uniting all our forces for leveling the mountains of prejudice and filling up the valleys of ignorance, for making straight the devious ways of error and sin, and smoothing the roughness of social discord that the Prince of Peace may enter in. "And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

There is no hope of lasting peace, whether social or international, in the world without, until the charity of Christ first comes again into the souls of men, bringing with it the true Christmas peace which the Angels announced to the shepherds on the Judean hills. Whatever we can do to prepare men's hearts for the acceptance of Christ and His Church is a forward step toward true preparedness, not for the war of nations, but for the fulness of the love of universal brotherhood.

Caught at Last!

THE game is up! The Jesuits' carefully laid plot to secure entire control of this country has been detected just in the nick of time by the astute and high-minded John Jay Chapman. In a little book which bears the innocent title, "Notes on Religion," and which Laurence J. Gomme, of New York, has thought it worth while to publish, the zealous author lays bare the Society's secret machinations against all that is best in American civilization. After laying it down as almost self-evident that "Loyola's invention is undoubtedly the most evil thought in history" and that "the Society of Jesus is probably the tightest knot of reactionary influence upon the globe," he volunteers the information that "the Order has, at times [Half-a-dozen, say?] been dissolved by the Papacy," and that Jesuits, practically speaking, are born so, for they "are men who have been at school and college together" and their "comradeship from early childhood in an exclusive secret society makes them into a species by themselves." But the most striking page in Mr. Chapman's marvelous book is his lively description of how the Society and the Hierarchy are conspiring to destroy American institutions:

If you apply to the Archbishop in New York for some aid in church matters, he will, as soon as he understands that a question of doctrine is concerned, ring a bell and ask if Father So-and-So is at leisure; saying, that as the matter is one of theology, the Jesuits will attend to it. You will then be ushered in to the sanctum of a highly-educated English priest, perhaps from Stonyhurst, who will deal with you as ably and as readily as the most perfected cash register deals with the confiding five cent piece. So also, at the close of some great day in Roman Catholic history—some day when a glorious victory has been won, a great step forward has been taken, a newspaper founded, or a tablet to the Pope attached to the exterior of a United States Custom House—if you should enter late at night into the Archbishop's Palace on Madison Avenue, you would find the Cardinals and Princes of the church sitting up in solemn conclave, eager, powerful men. And if you should linger on unobserved until the hour of parting came, you would see all of these great men retire and disperse with holy salutations; going in two bands, and in two different directions, the Jesuits in one direction, and the non-Jesuits in another, each band to its own lair to talk it over.

Though he has some misgivings, indeed, that "the Roman Catholic laymen" may read such important disclosures as the foregoing "with a smile," Mr. Chapman does not permit himself to treat with lightness the peril

of Roman domination that menaces this country. He warns the reader:

You must take the dollar given by the devout Boston housemaid and trace it into the pocket of the Catholic spy in Berlin. . . . Rome has proclaimed openly her intention of ruling America. . . . "Unless you sit silent and accept our insolence," [say the arrogant Catholics to the meek Protestants] "pay us our money, destroying your own social system and substitute ours, we will raise such a revolt, and such an outcry that you'll have a religious war on your hands." . . . Our press is easily ruled. Catholic business men are marshaled behind the advertisement columns; the rest follows. . . . The doings and pictures of great Prelates are recorded with unctious civility in the great dailies. Their insolent sermons are printed at great length. The social life of Roman Catholicism is chronicled. English Jesuits adorn the drawing rooms of Irish magnates, and rich American ladies besiege the foyers of the Prelates, laying their great position, their sins, and their jewels at the feet of Rome. . . . It is not necessary for the American to be eaten up by Rome, to have his public moneys directed to a foreign secret society, and the books in his public libraries censored by Jesuits. It is not necessary for him to sit still while his children are taught that patriotism is a sin and that the priest shall control in politics.

How a twentieth-century literary man can deliberately write such solemn nonsense as the foregoing is a nine-day's wonder. But it is even a ten-day's marvel how he managed to get a reputable publishing house to bring out such a book. What in the world made Mr. Gomme do it? Finally, these two queries clamor for answers: Why is it that a church credited with so much secret influence cannot have excluded from the mails scurrilous sheets that ridicule what Catholics hold sacred? Why is it that we cannot keep our fellow-Catholics in Mexico from being plundered, outraged and murdered? What little use we Papists make of the vast influence Mr. Chapman says we have!

LITERATURE

The Makers of Images

IN a great many ways the pagans of old were not so bad after all. Generally speaking, until they reached that state of degeneracy when they began to talk of efficiency and the preservation of the race, they appear in most instances to have held definite, and certainly distinct, ideas of religion. And like all people whose religious ideas are definite, they had a sound democratic sense of poetry as a thing to be understood and enjoyed. On the other hand, the modern pagans, who are not pagans really, have no sense of religion at all, and their poetic sense is correspondingly vague. Just as if having lost themselves in a "dim gray twilight" of their own invention, they were doing their best to drag the poetic art in after them, that it too might get lost in the fog.

This can be well illustrated by a comparison of the methods of the ancients and the moderns. The Ancient Britons, who were certainly pagans, had an unkind custom of constructing large images to represent certain gods in whom they believed, and into these images they crammed their victims, and roasted them to the accompaniment of stanzas of popular poetry. The moderns have reversed the process. Having conceived a thing they call "imagism" which is said to represent their god *Ego*, they too construct little images like the shadows on the wall, which they try to cram into the intelligence of their victims;

not so much to please their gods, as the ancient pagans did, as to please themselves. I am not saying that the Ancient Britons are at all a model to be followed, but their poetry had the advantage of making an appeal to the people, whereas the modern "imagist" generally makes his appeal to an aristocracy of one, an audience that receives it with unbounded satisfaction.

Mr. Charles Erskine Scott Wood very probably might resent being called a pagan: so too might the shades of the pagans long departed. But his volume of verse "The Poet in the Desert" has this neo-pagan quality; it takes you, not into the desert, but into the fog, and loses you there. Not even the excitement of rushing through line after line of *vers libre*, which is not at all unlike such sport as leaping over a succession of back-yard fences, can save the reader from being conscious of the platitudes of revolt. For like so many of the moderns, and especially the modern revolutionists, Mr. Wood becomes conventional even in his unconventionality. In a vein of cheerful melancholy the poet pitches into the melting-pot civilization, authority, marriage, and "black gowned preachers," to the accompaniment of such *unpopular strains* as

There is no sin, save to deny Nature.
Man maketh sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

Free verse finds another exponent in Mr. Edgar Lee Masters in his "Spoon River Anthology" (Macmillan). Mr. Masters digs up, poetically, the Spoon River cemetery, but among the two hundred and twenty defunct Illinoisans who are resuscitated in the interests of romanticism, there are some whose memory might be left with better savor undisturbed. These poetical short stories, for free verse is ultimately a contradiction in terms, lack the essential egoism that is the stock-in-trade of the makers of *vers libre*, and this gives them a certain simplicity and sincerity. There are among these imaginary epitaphs with which the poet makes the dead of Spoon River tell their story, some few in which moral value is sacrificed to make a poet's holiday. It would be idle to imagine for a moment that the exigencies even of free verse call for a story of suicide to be rounded off with the words of Christ to the dying thief. It is a curious phase of modern literature that some of our advanced poets who cannot restrain their eagerness to cast aside the bonds of rhyme and regular rhythm, should not disdain to make use of whole sentences from the Scripture. It is, of course, as a creator of images that Mr. Masters makes his first appeal, and in "Roger Heston" he presents a picture of humor, perhaps the real function of free verse:

Oh, many times did Ernest Hyde and I
Argue about the freedom of the will.
My favorite metaphor was Prickett's cow
Roped out to grass, and free you know as far
As the length of the rope.
One day while arguing so, watching the cow
Pull at the rope to get beyond the circle
Which she had eaten bare,
Out came the stake, and tossing up her head,
She ran for us.
"What's that, free-will or what?" said Ernest running.
I fell just as she gored me to my death.

It might be said that the only strikingly honest thing about "Some Imagist Poets" (Houghton), is its title, and its only mollification the fact that its contents were written before the war came to purge away some of the artificiality that broke out like a rash in imagism. But the doctrine of the "exact word," which means that the poet knows just what he means but that no one else does, has at times the appearance of verging on the psychopathic, and the visions of the imagist are, for all the world, like the visions of a lunatic, as for example, in these verses which the author entitles "Bullion":

My thoughts
Chink against my ribs
And roll about like silver hail-stones.

I should like to spill them out,
And pour them, all shining,
Over you.
But my heart is shut upon them
And holds them straitly.

Come, You! and open my heart;
That my thoughts torment me no longer,
But glitter in your hair.

This love of the vague, and wandering in mental fog, which gives so much secret pleasure to the imagist, is well summed up in a poem which is significantly called "Malady."

I move;
perhaps I have wakened;
this is a bed;
this is a room;
and there is light. . . .

Darkness!

Have I performed
the dozen acts or so
that make me the man
men see?

The door opens,
and on the landing—
quiet!
I can see nothing: the pain, the weariness!

Stairs, banisters, a handrail:
all indistinguishable.
One step farther down or up,
and why?
But up is harder. Down!
Down to this white blur;
it gives before me.

Me?

I extend all ways;
I fit into the walls and they pull me. . . .

There you have it all, the sixth stanza contains the whole secret of imagism, "Me"; and the ordinary poets who felt themselves to be but the servants of the sanctuary were wrong, all wrong. But the makers of images have done us this service: they have shown us that we may find poetry in all kinds of unlooked-for places. A reshuffling of the type in the advertising columns of these pages may even yield some hidden gem. For instance:

A gift that's different.
Not like the ordinary gift,
Which is soon forgotten,
But a constant and worthy reminder
Of the giver
The whole year round.

Perhaps, after all, the ultimate word lies not with the modern poet, but with so democratic and unpoetical a person as the foreman printer!

HENRY C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

Pioneer Laymen of North America. By THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J. Vol. II. New York: The America Press. \$1.75.

It is a unique recommendation for a book that it should have been written by the one who above all others was most fitted to be its author. Such is the case with the present volume. Father Campbell long since demonstrated his right to speak authoritatively of the pioneers in the work of civilizing North America and especially the regions that border on the St. Lawrence. His three volumes on "Pioneer Priests" and the first volume of the present series are the best possible introduction to the sketches that have just appeared; and those who have had the privilege of following

with him the intrepid clerics and laymen who planted the Faith in the wilderness of Canada and opened the way to the great Northwest, will be glad to continue the story of their successors under the skilful guidance of so able a panegyrist. Father Campbell's latest book shows the same care of detail, the same critical sifting of evidence, sometimes with the happy result of clearing a calumniated name, the same familiarity with original sources, and the same facile pen, that have been so evident in his previous works; and although none of the subjects in the present volume makes so wide an appeal to American interest as does the youthful Marquette, or has so heroic a setting as the tortured Jogues or the martyred Brébeuf, they have each a distinct charm of their own, for the story of the "Pioneer Laymen" is no less adventurous and scarcely less dramatic than that of the "Pioneer Priests."

The history of the Le Moyne family is continued and its glorious record receives its due share of praise. The careers of Frontenac and La Salle, though familiar, are treated from fresh points of views. The sketch of Dr. John McLoughlin is perhaps the most valuable part of the book. Here the author has had access, apparently, to documents hitherto not open to the public. Father Campbell vindicates the memory of this great layman by proving that he was always a stanch Catholic and that assertions to the contrary are a clear case of misrepresentation. Another interesting item, this time of New England ecclesiastical history, is recorded in the sketch of De la Vérendrye. On the morning of April 12, 1714, in the church of the Ursulines of Quebec, Esther Wheelwright was invested with the robe of the Ursulines. The clear implication of Father Campbell's account of the incident is that the girl was of New England origin, an implication that is also contained in the article on the Ursulines in Quebec (*Cath. Encycl.*, Vol. XV, p. 320), where it is further stated Esther Wheelwright was elected superior of her convent in 1760. This would mean that her religious profession antedated, by almost a century, that of Frances, Ethan Allen's daughter, to whom is generally attributed the honor of being the first New England woman to become a nun. (*Cath. Encycl.*, Vol. I, p. 320.)

J. H. F.

The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation: The Story of the English Catholics Continued Down to the Re-establishment of Their Hierarchy in 1850. By the Right Rev. Monsignor BERNARD WARD, F.R.Hist.S. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. 1830-1840. Vol. II. 1840-1850. With Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green. \$6.00.

Mgr. Ward has now successfully completed the history of Catholicism in England from the year 1781 down to 1850, leaving us in nine large volumes a work which will always be of high authority. These two latest volumes are particularly interesting, for the period they cover was marked by the formal repeal of the penal laws, the Gothic revival, the Irish famine, the awakening of the old "Garden-of-the-Soul" Catholics, the founding of the *Tablet* and the *Dublin Review*, the influx of distinguished converts and the "Papal aggression" excitement. There is a great deal to tell about Dr. Baines, a masterful man, who was wont to preach "a very excellent and appropriate sermon—yet—rather too long," about Dr. Gentili, who tried to fill with his Italian fervor the professors and students of Prior Park; about Augustus Welby Pugin, whose passion for the Gothic was so intense that even his dessert had to be served in pointed molds; about Ambrose Lisle Phillipps and his Cistercian monks, and about the fiery Quaker convert, Frederick Lucas, who gave English Catholics a backbone, and championed the cause of starving Ireland, vigorously berating fellow-countrymen of his who were Tories first and Catholics afterwards.

The author tells again the story of the Oxford Movement and of the new converts' early Catholic life, and he gives some amusing instances of the excesses to which "Romanizers" used to go with the object of correcting "the supposed Gallican tendencies of the hereditary Catholics." To disprove the charge of intellectual stagnation made against the Catholics of the United Kingdom in 1846, Mr. Miles Keon was able to bring forward a list bearing the names of Thomas Moore, "the greatest British poet" then living, Lingard "the greatest British historian," Father Prout "the greatest British writer in light letters," Mr. Newman, Dr. Wiseman a "most celebrated man of science," the Rev. M. A. Tierney, Dr. Miley, Mr. Faber, Mr. Phillipps, Mr. Shiel, Mr. Digby, Mr. Waterton "the first ornithologist of the day," and Dr. Oliver "the greatest antiquary of the day." In the second volume of his work, Mgr. Ward has some very interesting matter, hitherto unpublished, regarding the reestablishment of diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See. The negotiations came to nothing, however, owing chiefly to the outbreak of the revolution in Rome. The author deserves to be congratulated for bringing this big work to a satisfactory conclusion in so short a time.

W. D.

The Famous Cities of Ireland. By STEPHEN GWYNN. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the literary work of Stephen Gwynn, the scholarly Irish member of Parliament, will need no further inducement to read this companion volume to his "Fair Hills of Ireland." The "Famous Cities of Ireland," blending in a fascinating way history, romantic tradition, travel, statistics, and curious bits of lore, the whole illustrated by new and interesting pictures, makes an opportune appearance at the holiday season. Not only the lovers of Ireland but also those unacquainted with her romantic past, and in this category we may place a large part of Americans of Irish blood, will find a wealth of curious information set forth with literary grace, with that mingling of the "smile and the tear" inseparable from all things Irish. Ancient history, medieval history, the Reformation and penal days, and modern times, all have been laid under requisition to furnish material for this fascinating book. No reader will put it down without the desire of knowing more of the Isle of Destiny. Amid so much that is praiseworthy, it seems unfortunate that the author should have to go outside the domain of strict fact, and assert at this day, as he does in more than one place, as an undoubted truth, the much debated and debatable sanction given by the Pope for the Norman invasion of Ireland. And why did not Drogheda receive adequate recognition? Surely she has enough to her credit to render any city famous.

J. F. X. M.

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. With an Introduction by GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, and a Biographical Note by MARGARET LAVINGTON. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25.

This is a collection of the poetic achievements of a brilliant young Englishman who was one of the victims of the European war, for death for his country claimed him at the age of twenty-seven. His early taking off mournfully suggests the author of "Endymion" nor do his poetic temper and his promise fall far short in confirming the parallel. Mr. Brooke left enough to prove himself a past-master of lyric phrasing and movement and when we reflect that such poems as "Second Best" and "Day That I Have Loved" came from his pen before the age of twenty-one, we may well concede that the genius reaped in its early flower might have grown to fling its shadow across the generation. To begin critical comment, one is left uncertain on reading the first of the

above-named poems as to whether the half-despair expressed in it is the poet's own, or the mere portrayal of a soul's crying insultingly after hope to make her turn. "The Soldier," which made the author famous, expresses the proudest patriotism so wonderfully versified that the reader will condone the apparent pantheism under plea of the exuberance that pours without pausing from the splendid central thought. "Mary and Gabriel" is unquestionably fine art and only falls short because the theme is infinitely above idealization. Sometimes the very wealth of Mr. Brooke's diction obscures the thought, the echo of resounding line on line resulting in a musical but not altogether articulate boom. His poem called "The Fish" cannot be too highly praised. It is an exposition of his very best form and for its kind is hardly surpassed in our language. So popular has this volume of poems become that it is now in its tenth thousand.

T. B. C.

The Wondrous Childhood of the Mother of God. Translated from the French of Blessed JOHN EUDES. Peekskill, N. Y.: House of the Good Shepherd. \$1.50.

The translator has given us an excellent rendition of the work of the Blessed John Eudes on the mysteries and prerogatives of the holy childhood of our Blessed Mother. The author, who is the Founder of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, and of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge and of the Good Shepherd, is famous for his devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, but the special attraction the childhood of Mary had for him many will learn for the first time from this volume. "I can say truly," he writes, "that this book is the work of my heart rather than of my hand, and had I a million lives I would sacrifice them all to imprint these teachings upon the hearts of mankind." He has gathered a wealth of lore from the Fathers and spiritual writers who have written about the Mother of God, and has linked it all together with his own reflections. As the book was written in the seventeenth century, "it would be strange indeed if it did not bear the impression of the style of that age," for the legends of the holy childhood are freely accepted by the author and woven into his work without further question. The plan of the book is taken from St. John's vision, which suggested to Father Eudes the "twelve mysteries, twelve excellencies, twelve virtues and twelve means," forming the stars of glory that surround the head of the wondrous child predestined to become the Maiden Mother of God.

J. H.

The Social Principle. By HORACE HOLLEY. New York: Lawrence J. Gomme. \$0.75.

"Holley" suggests Christmas; but let it not be concluded that "The Social Principle" is a Christmas gift-book. Mr. Holley is a serious person, and all are solemnly assured in a leaflet accompanying his book that here is promulgated "the gospel of a higher individualism set forth in a prose at once lucid and eloquent." It is likewise "tremendously significant." Happy the author thus lauded by the public as well as by his publisher; but to the chance reader, the book's function seems to be twofold. The first is to observe with an air of profundity, that "the true artist is sensitive to different influences," that "executives are not social parasites," that "the perceptive mind functions on the most available material," and to utter similar banalities. The second function is illustrated when, in obedience to the surge of his centrifugal impulses, Mr. Holley remarks airily: "Through successive planes of being from outward interest and impulse to the inner; from the whirling periphery of being to the fixed centre, the mystic continually transfers consciousness, impelled by a sheer necessity, and finally establishes it in a

state controlled by new laws." "O, these dear peripheries!" exclaims Hermione. "Don't you love them? They're so soulful, if you know what I mean."

P. L. B.

How to Live. By IRVING FISHER and EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M.D. New York: Funk & Wagnall Co. \$1.00.

Of all the books treating of the subject of hygiene and healthful living which the reviewer has seen of late, this is by far the most sane. It inculcates practices which both experiments and theories have proved to be of value, and corrects many false ideas about health which should prove the salvation of many a hypochondriac. But alas! hypochondriacs do not read such books; or, if they do, dismiss their findings with a disdainful shrug. The book is very readable and not couched in language too scientific for the average reader. Especially valuable are the chapters, entitled Alcohol, Tobacco, Air, Posture, and Avoiding Colds. It is too bad that people cannot be made to realize that fresh air is a boon and not a curse; that a draft is not harmful but is actually a preventive of colds; and that in order to live a healthy life it is necessary not only to supply the body with wholesome substances, but also to exclude whatever is unwholesome in quantity or quality. All this is clearly explained by our authors, and if any person would only carry into effect what is here prescribed, he could prove for himself the truth of Pasteur's words: "It is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease."

The book, however, is not altogether free from blemish, for the writers cling to the exploded fallacy of "our apelike progenitors;" and Catholics who remember St. Christopher, St. Thomas, and St. Sebastian, to name but a few, do not like to be told that "consumptives are chosen as models for saints." Also the approval of marriage regulation, and the suggested laws of eugenics are based on principles from which all consideration of a Supreme Law-giver is rigorously excluded. The book is endorsed by a foreword from the Hon. Wm. H. Taft.

F. J. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Gordon Tidy in his excellent introduction to a holiday edition of "The Dream of Gerontius" (Lane, \$1.25) seems to have missed nothing that was to be found out about the circumstances attending that poem's composition and publication. Gerontius, it appears, was Newman himself, an "old man" who felt death near, but the widely circulated story of the manuscript's being rescued from the waste-basket by the editor of the *Month* is proved a myth. Stella Langdale, who appears to be something of a futurist, undertakes to illustrate the text with ten pictures, but regarding her success in doing so, readers will probably differ. This unique poem of the great convert would make a suitable Christmas gift for his admirers.

A dainty booklet which will make a good Christmas card is "The Sweet Miracle" (Longmans, \$0.40), by Eça de Queiroz, done into English by Edgar Prestage. The story tells how the slaves of the wealthy Obed, and the soldiers of the proud Publius Septimus sought in vain for the Divine Wonder-worker, but how He came of His own accord to the crippled beggar boy.—"The Story Teller" by Marian Lindsay (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, \$1.00) will make many a little reader happy at Christmas time. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated; but why do publishers insist upon issuing books for children in such insecure bindings?—"Christmas in Legend and History, (Same publishers, \$1.50) is an excellent collection of Christmas readings for children, and is illustrated by reproductions of famous Nativity paintings. A very pretty bit of verse, probably new to most readers, is Archibald Sullivan's "The Little Grey Lamb."—

"A Divine Friend" (Reilly, \$0.50), Father Henry C. Schuyler's study of Our Saviour's character, is out in a Yule-tide edition, and so is Stevenson's "Treasure Island" (Rand, McNally, \$1.35), with fourteen pictures in color by Milo Winter.

"Heroes and Heroines of Fiction, Classical, Medieval, Legendary; Famous Characters and Famous Names in Novels, Romances, Poems and Dramas, Classified, Analyzed and Criticized, with Supplementary Citations from the Best Authorities" (Lippincott, \$3.00) is the full title of a valuable book of reference by William S. Walsh, whose "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction (Modern Prose and Poetry)" we reviewed a year ago. Making the year 1500, A. D., the dividing date, the compiler now fills 379 double-columned pages with a vast deal of information about the paladins of Christendom and the deities of heathenesse. We are told, for instance, that when Prester John "went forth to war, thirteen gold crosses preceded him as his standards, each followed by 10,000 horsemen and 100,000 foot soldiers. In his palace he was waited on by seven kings, sixty dukes and 365 counts; twelve archbishops sat on his right hand and twenty bishops on his left." But after all for a mythical monarch that was a very moderate retinue.

Dr. Lavendar's countless friends will be glad to learn that under the title "Around Old Chester" (Harper, \$1.35), Margaret Deland has brought together seven more tales of that quaint Pennsylvania town. "The Harvest of Fear" tells what happened to the lawyer whose son married a Catholic; "An Encore" tells how an interrupted elopement eventually came to a happy issue; "The Third Volume" describes the tragic backgammon game played beside Eunice's bier, and "Miss Clara's Perseus" narrates how the mutual attachment of two little girls finally ended. "Annie had not been married long enough to know that the cook is always 'hers' when the dinner is not good," and "'Poor dear' marks the death of affection between equals; it is not virile enough for disapproval, and not unqualified enough for love," are two bits of wisdom garnered from this author's pages. When such quantities of fiction that is worthless or worse than worthless are being published it is refreshing to read so good a book as "Around Old Chester."

Some recently published books which the Christmas shopper should know about but which the limits of time and space forbid more than mentioning here are these: A new edition of Dr. James J. Walsh's "Makers of Modern Medicine" (Fordham University Press, \$2.00), which has been enlarged by the addition of the life of Virchow; "The Shepherd of My Soul" (Murphy, \$1.00), eleven discourses on the Shepherd Psalm by the Rev. Charles J. Callen, O.P.; "To Your Dog and to My Dog" (Houghton, \$1.00), an anthology of verses compiled by Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt; "My Changeless Friend" (Apostleship of Prayer, \$0.25), a little book of Eucharistic papers by Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., and Father F. X. Lasance's "The New Missal in English for Every Day in the Year, According to the Latest Decrees, with Introduction, Notes, and a Book of Prayer." (Benziger, \$1.50 to \$3.25).

Books of knowledge in all departments are in demand these days, and so no apology is necessary for Arthur Elson's "The Book of Musical Knowledge," (Houghton, \$3.50) which ought to make an appeal to a wide circle of readers—so many are the concerts and concert-goers these days. Collected together in this volume are treatises on all departments of music: history of music and musical forms, great composers and performers, musical instruments, orchestration, conducting, voice culture, appreciation of music, and to these are

added a dictionary of musical terms, and a course of study, with references, for students. Strange to say there seems to be no systematic discussion of harmony, a subject made important and interesting just now by modern French and German music. The amateur musician for whom this book of knowledge has been compiled will find within its 600 pages octavo much information on a great variety of topics, and all discussed in an easy and readable style: The volume would well become the library of music-lovers.

The numberless Catholic boys who eagerly read the stories of Father Henry S. Spalding, S.J., will be glad to learn that his "latest," "The Camp by Copper River" (Benziger, \$0.85), has appeared in time for the holidays. Mr. Sherwood takes four boys with him for a summer's outing and of course they have no dearth of adventures. How the weeks in camp proved the undoing of John Newell but the making of Charlie Zip is sure to interest youthful readers.—Emelyn Newcomb Partridge has gathered into a volume entitled "Joyful Star: Indian Stories for Camp Fire Girls" (Sturgis & Walton, \$1.25) some tales and legends about Indian women. What good the pale-face maiden is to get from these stories of heathen savages is not clear, though Catherine Tegakwitha, the "Lily of the Mohawks" could teach her something.—An interesting description of a Christmas in Rome, eventful for the characters in the book, gives an atmosphere of timeliness to "The Little Ambassadors" (Kilner, \$0.75), by Henriette Eugénie Delamare, and exciting adventures in New York, and humorous situations in the Yosemite country add to the reader's pleasure. The children in the story, for all their mischievousness, are full of faith and strength, and finally make their Protestant father a Catholic.

Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalia of Spain seems to regard as the greatest of misfortunes the fact that she was born a princess. This pose she successfully maintains throughout a volume of reminiscences entitled "Court Life from Within," (Dodd, \$2.50) which must be very annoying reading for her Spanish relatives and for members of other royal houses in Europe. Evidently her Highness is neither a very patriotic Spaniard nor a very devout Catholic, for the book is full of slurs on both her country and her Church. To be a democratic princess is it necessary to bid farewell to a lady's reserve?

Here is a collection of books for the young: In "White Eagle," (Ave Maria Press, \$0.75) Mary Waggoner has given the Catholic boy another first-rate story. There are adventures in plenty, of Indians and wild animals, of precipices and blinding snow-storms; even the traditional rich relative has a part, though not in the traditional way. For an example of a brave, frank boy, we need search no further than White Eagle himself, as Donald Carruthers is called among his Indian mother's people.—Far different in tone and execution is the story of "Two American Boys in the War Zone," (Houghton, \$1.00) by L. Worthington Green. It is a typical boy book of impossible adventure and prodigious intrepidity. Surprised in Russia at the opening of the present war, two brothers are forced to traverse a country hostile alike in people, climate and land-formation.—"Prisoners of War," (Houghton, \$1.35) is E. T. Tomlinson's tale of the deeds done by a band of Federal soldiers within the enemy's lines during our Civil War. There are vivid descriptions of life at Andersonville prison and the historic sketch of the course of the conflict from Antietam to Appomattox is interesting and instructive.—Rübezahl, in "Silesian Folk Tales," (American Book Company, \$0.40) is a very mischievous gnome, whom no one can describe, for sometimes he is a giant and sometimes a dwarf. Woe to the miser and the

cheat, for one of Rübezahl's pranks will teach them better manners. This collection of Silesia's folk-lore tales is a welcome addition to the nursery library, and will afford good reading for the imaginative child.—Tita and Tonio, "The Mexican Twins," (Houghton, \$1.00) are the latest children to find a sympathetic biographer in Lucy Fitch Perkins, who describes for little readers the life that peons lead.

As nearly every paper, and magazine, and a large number of the books published nowadays are filled with descriptions of the horrors and the glories of the present war, it would seem that Sir Henry Newbolt's "The Book of the Thin Red Line" (Longmans, \$1.50) would not be meeting a particularly clamorous demand. The author sketches for boys the military careers of five British soldiers who fought in the Napoleonic or East Indian wars, and of Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate general. The volume is well illustrated with pictures in color and in black and white which will please youthful readers. But why was that story of a seduction dragged in?

"Gates and Doors" is the title of the following "Ballad of Christmas Eve," which Mr. Joyce Kilmer contributes to the December *House and Garden*:

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven tonight)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King.

Venit hospes, venit Christus, that fine old Catholic proverb, has been beautifully developed in Mr. Kilmer's ballad and his last two lines contain a thought for Christmas communicants.

EDUCATION

School-Discipline and the "Fond Parent"

UNDER the guidance of Bunscheider, Kahlbaum, and other princes of intensive study, the fractiousness of Johnny-at-school has been considered. The known facts are these. Johnny occasionally girds at the tedium of scholastic pursuits and transfers this inner urge to the sphere of outward phenomena, violently anti-social in character. In plain language, Johnny's teachers find him "hard to manage."

I have made bold to suggest two causes underlying these facts. The first, presented by way of a modest excursus on the cogitations of the learned German, was held to be an overloaded curriculum, filling its victims with sentiments of a morose or vengeful nature when actually followed; and teaching them contempt for authority when neglected. The second will now be discussed. It is "the fond parent," famed in song, story, and schools.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY

The Oxford Dictionary is not a scold, but that well-known work suggests a generous supply of meanings for "fond." "Infatuated" is among the first variants; "foolish" is encountered without much search, and is followed by "silly, idiotic, imbecile, mad, and doting." A charming litany this, of pat phrases, but their fitness will be readily allowed when brought in conjunction with the term "parent." Touching his offspring and his trials at school, father is either wholly indifferent, or a copy of that gloomy disciplinarian who was wont to correct his small son "with a piece of plank." Father has troubles enough of his own, he thinks. The settlement of all quasi-domestic disputes he readily entrusts to the partner of his joys and the bearer of most of his woes. Here we meet the origin of many sad breaches of school discipline, for this lady, ruled by her heart rather than by her head, too often justifies the judgment of the Oxford Dictionary.

To clear the ground of a noisome creature, let it be noted that these reflections do not refer to the mother so engaged in civic reform, or in the uplift of sick cats and homeless happy pups, as to have no time for the welfare of her household. Our care is with the "fond mother," the foolishly-affectionate mother whose well-meant concern for Cissy and Johnny bids fair to make a social parasite of the one and a social gangster of the other. As to the lady of the cats and pups, she is beneath discussion and beyond reform.

THE BREAKDOWN OF DISCIPLINE

School discipline is a wide phrase. It is particular enough to include measures which will prevent Johnny from punching Reginald in the stomach; general enough to find its truest meaning in the process of inducing the pupil to assimilate the fundamental principles of right order which will make him a useful citizen. But it often fails to accomplish either purpose. What is the cause of the breakdown?

Usually, and for the most part incorrectly, it is ascribed to the teacher. In the vast majority of teachers the true professional spirit is high. They are ready, eager, to devote themselves, the Sisters without recompense and the public school teachers for a meager stipend, to the training of the children entrusted to them. They are not without their imperfections, certainly; they may be short-sighted, some of them, as well as short-tempered; and a few whom I have met would have been the downfall of Job himself. But these are the rare exception. The average teacher is competent both

as an instructor and as a disciplinarian; but he cannot work miracles. What the "fond parent," and many of the public, cannot understand, is the elemental fact that the teacher is not the sole factor in the disciplinary process. Back of the recalcitrant pupil are the unhealthy environments created and maintained by his parents.

PARENTAL COOPERATION

Without parental cooperation, teachers can do very little, and discipline, as few parents realize, begins in the cradle. Little Cissy, for instance, notoriously rules the domestic roost. Her parents publicly proclaim her "brightness" and her "cuteness," and hers are the little ears that hear much. She has learned very early that she can procure all things necessary, convenient or harmful, by the simple process of puckering up her lips. She spins not neither does she sow; she simply "howls," and all things are gathered unto her. At the age of six, she is precocious, forward, pert, vain; that insufferable nuisance and saddest of sights, "a spoiled child."

How can the wisest of teachers undo the fatal work of these early years? "Train up a fig tree in the way it should go," advises Captain Cuttle, "and when old, sit in the shade on it." But these parents have never read Dickens. "You don't seem to be able to manage my child at all," they complain to harassed teachers who fully realize that what Cissy needs is the treatment so generously meted out to Master Alexander MacStinger—a brisk battery of slaps with a subsequent jolting application to a cool paving-block. "Why can't you manage her? We never have any trouble," they glibly romance, conveniently forgetting Cissy's tantrums of the preceding evening. Courtesy usually forbids the *tu quoque*.

These fond parents "manage" the children by allowing them to do precisely what they wish to do. Adopting an easy principle of government, not unknown indeed to modern educators and sociologists, they suppress lawlessness at home by abolishing law. They then affect wonder and indignation when a polite note from the principal informs them that he "will be greatly obliged by the withdrawal of Cissy and Johnny from the school. Their example is harmful, and he really cannot" and so forth. Even the fashionable schools sometimes find these missives necessary. One mistress readily condoned a "poor child's" first elopement with the village barber; but on a repetition of the offense, forthwith reached for her stationery, remarking primly, that "discipline must be maintained." "Poor" seems an ill-chosen epithet, until one begins to inquire whether this girl, or her foolish parents who had always allowed her the indulgence of every whim, rightly bears the greater blame.

SAVING THE PARENT

Some fond parents are beyond reform; others may yet be saved. The mother who fears the dire effect of some vagrant autumn breeze upon Johnny's thorax or complexion, who is always convinced that the teacher is absolutely wrong and Johnny absolutely right, has the courage of her feelings. She knows her darling's perfections; she does not suspect the dark potentialities for school-anarchy lurking within his young soul. But she is really interested in her child, and this interest spells her salvation. If it can be rightly directed, if her horizon can be widened to embrace something of the school's point of view, she will prove an educational factor of high value. With parents of this kind, most school conflicts are based upon some misunderstanding. The zealous teacher does not sympathize with their over-great tenderness; and parents in turn, certainly do not appreciate what they term the teacher's "harshness." A satisfactory coordination of these two factors will greatly further educational progress. But how can it be secured?

PARENTS' ASSOCIATIONS

Many public school authorities have answered this question admirably by forming Parents' Associations. These organizations, in which membership is restricted to parents of past or present pupils, convene once or twice a month in the school auditorium or in one of the larger class-rooms, where they meet the principal and the teachers. Occasionally a brief address will be made by a member of the School Board, or by teachers or principals from other schools; oftener fathers or mothers themselves are asked to "read a paper" or to discuss some local school problem.

In one public school, where this plan has succeeded excellently, a social element adds variety and interest. Perhaps the fathers will arrange for a "smoker"; at Christmas, there is a community tree; in the spring, fathers and mothers take part in the school picnic; music and moving-pictures are frequently introduced, while one school principal does not think it beneath his dignity to lead the assembly to the gymnasium for a dance, and himself preside at the piano. Parents are invited to inspect the building, to learn what is being done in the various classes, to offer suggestions; they are encouraged to talk about their children and their work, and thus are brought to take an interest in the school as something devoted exclusively to the welfare of the children.

THEIR EXCELLENT RESULTS

The best result of these meetings is that parents and teachers come to know one another. The teacher is not regarded as an impersonal school official or as a tyrant, but as a personal friend who is giving her best efforts to help the children. Under these cordial relations, misunderstandings will not persevere. Parents will be ready to admit that Johnny is occasionally at fault; more than this, that they themselves are, in part, at least, the cause of Johnny's shortcomings, and may help in making up for them. They realize by degrees that they do not fulfil their obligations merely by sending the children to school; ultimately, they will understand, and with happy results for all parties, that education is a process in which the home must cooperate with the school.

So far as I know, very few Catholic schools have these or similar organizations, yet in some sense they would seem to stand in greater need of them. By reason of their position, our teaching Sisters and Brothers cannot devote much time to house to house visitation; but there is surely no reason why they should not encourage parents to meet them in the schools. It would be truly unfortunate if Catholic parents were reminded of the school only when some disciplinary difficulty is reported, or when they are asked to contribute to its maintenance. An organization similar to the Parents' Association would stimulate interest in the school, its work, and teachers, and would bring about that happy cooperation between school and home which is so much needed. Incidentally, it would also result in a more general and generous support of the school. Even when giving to the Lord, generosity is stimulated when it can see practical results.

In the smaller, more compact parishes, there should be little difficulty in organizing these Associations. Greater difficulties may be presented by the larger and more varied populations of the city parishes, although the most successful Parents' Association that I know of, was organized by a principal whose school numbered nearly two thousand children, drawn chiefly from four different nationalities. Certainly zeal and energy are required to found and maintain these organizations; but the men who against heavy odds have built and now conduct our parochial schools, have these necessary qualities in a high degree.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

ECONOMICS

The Jobless Man

THE jobless man for the manless job. This is not a baffling problem, but it is certainly urgent. Its neglect is responsible for a generous measure of discontent, simply because labor cannot move so easily as credit. Just how are we preparing to meet the great shift of labor at the close of the war?

I may say at the outset that the Federal Department of Labor is already performing a giant's task. With the assistance of the Postal Department the Department of Labor is conducting a post-card campaign to learn just what parts of the country are running short of labor, and what parts are surfeited; just where men are hungry, and where they can find abundant food and work. Thousands of men have found employment through the Washington Government during the last year. But this is only a beginning. The Government cannot do all; and for several good reasons.

INADEQUACY OF THE BUREAU

Perhaps the most cogent of these reasons depends ultimately on a bit of every-day psychology. The Federal Government seems remote. The average jobless man in New York or Chicago, for example, would feel appalled at the idea of writing to a Department of State. He would prefer to try his luck in going from factory to factory, from shop to shop. He really wants the human element of the "boss." Yet we know that if labor is superabundant in New York, even the most tender-hearted boss cannot always find a vacant job. The Federal Government has the machinery without the soul; New York, or any other labor center, has the soul without the machinery.

Now this is a situation we must meet, and meet squarely, and with energy. The Federal Government has a few branch employment offices, and it is seeking more. It is also seeking to cooperate with the various State employment offices. But even this will be insufficient. No State institution has the real personal element which encourages the "down-and-out" man to seek its assistance. But it is precisely the personal element that many of our Catholic charitable societies can supply.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

This is the concrete proposition then, as it occurs to me: Why not attempt to work with the Government machinery and to supply the soul? For example, the Saint Vincent de Paul Society comes nearer to the core of the poor man's trouble than perhaps any other charitable organization. It is loved and respected and its aid is sought voluntarily. A special committee of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society co-operating with the Federal Bureau of Labor would become invaluable, not only to the Government but to the laborer. The man without a job could make his appeal for work personal. The Society could take charge of the formal machinery of application. The assistance of the Government could be rendered without imposing the usual amount of awe and even distrust.

But organized assistance of this sort is not enough. Many Catholic employers receive applications from jobless men every day. It is fatally easy to "turn down" such applications with damaging gruffness. But it is not easy to be turned down. The man turned down becomes first discouraged, then sullen, then defiant. He is the legitimate prey of the Socialist or anarchist; and who can say that the fault is entirely his?

CATHOLIC COOPERATION

I feel very strongly indeed that a little time spent in assisting the jobless man to find the manless job is worth thousands of anti-socialist tracts. The basic discontent of today is not so much with organized capitalism as with unorganized capitalism. Capital that makes its demand for labor sporadic, defeats its own best interests, and every interest, good and indifferent, of labor. The man with a steady job is generally able to save money, and in time to become a small-scale capitalist himself. Unemployment over a period of weeks or months is what eats up savings, and keeps the laborer very literally and cruelly a wage slave.

With the proper attention to making labor fluid, one great source of extreme poverty is removed, because employment becomes steadier and the chances for saving become greater. "The jobless man for the manless job" is a work for individual Catholics; it is a work for organized Catholics; it is a work for every Catholic who values practical religion more than the last dollar of profit and the ultimate moment of personal leisure.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The decision of the Supreme Court declaring the validity of the New York alien labor law seems at first sight a contradiction of the Court's previous decision in the case of the Arizona anti-alien law already quoted in AMERICA. The difference, however, is that in the latter instance the anti-alien regulation of *private* employment was pronounced to be unconstitutional, as opposed to the rights guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment; while in the former there is question of the employment of alien labor on *public* works. The New York law as it now stands excludes the employment of aliens on public works until the supply of strictly American labor has been exhausted. The original law permitted the employment on public works of no laborers except such as were native or naturalized citizens. Justice McKenna was careful to remark that the court in its latest decision was not concerned with the worth of public policy embodied in the law.

The parish sodalities of eight different cities in the Hudson Valley have leagued together under the title of "The Hudson Valley Union of the Children of Mary Sodalities." General conventions are held by them and a quarterly bulletin is issued to unite the members still more closely in their great purpose of increasing devotion to our Blessed Lady and giving encouragement and help to one another. Members of all the sodalities, we are informed, assist in church work by teaching Christian doctrine, decorating the altars, and in general, aiding, wherever possible, in the parish activities. Several of the sodalities have sewing circles which make wearing apparel for the needy poor and all the funds of these classes are devoted to charity. Many of them have established reading clubs and literary societies among their members and are doing very profitable work in general literature, church history, Christian doctrine and also in dramatic and musical productions. Intimate social relations are fostered among the sodalists and a place is given even to physical culture. Since the idea of the sodality is to carry the activity of its members into almost every field where the glory of God can be promoted, some fruitful suggestions may be gathered by sodalists in other parts from the work of the Hudson Valley Union of the Children of Mary.

Important statistics have been published by the Department of Commerce regarding the value of merchandise imported or exported. The imports from Europe have fallen in general from \$621,406,314.00 to \$392,321,420.00 during the nine months ending

with September, 1915, as compared with the nine months ending with September, 1914. Not only the imports of the Central Powers but those also of the other belligerent nations have been reduced considerably. Thus while German imports have fallen from \$122,620,200.00 to \$38,209,283.00 those of the United Kingdom have dropped from \$226,749,071.00 to \$181,573,698.00; of France from \$83,127,345.00 to \$63,214,054.00 and of Russia from \$12,234,127.00 to \$1,630,506.00. Italy has fairly well maintained its position. Our exports to Europe on the other hand have increased by almost a billion within the same time, being \$873,899,459.00 for the nine months ending with September, 1914, and \$1,845,911,868.00 for the nine months ending with September, 1915. Exports to the United Kingdom have risen from \$374,282,472.00 to \$849,849,145.00. Those to Germany have dropped from \$156,041,307.00 to \$11,785,307.00. It is to be noted, however, that there has been an enormous increase in the exports to the neutral countries of Norway and Sweden, the value rising in the former case from \$8,682,570.00 to \$32,541,379.00 and in the latter from \$9,673,809.00 to \$66,462,650.00. Our exports to France, Italy and Russia have all risen exceedingly. There has been an increase in our exports to each of the great divisions of the globe, China and Canada being the only leading countries which have registered a decrease.

An event strangely recalling to us, even at the present stage of European hostilities, our own commemorative celebrations in honor of the Blue and the Gray at the yearly return of Decoration Day, recently took place in the cemetery of St. Quentin. The occasion was the dedication of a monument erected by the Germans in honor of both their own and the French heroes who have died in the war hospitals. Among the speakers of the occasion both French and Germans were represented. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Sisters of the Red Cross, of the German Emperor, Prince Eitel Friedrich and the German officers and troops as well as of the *Maire* and local French representatives. After addresses delivered by the French and German clergy, the presentation of the monument, the work of the artist, Professor Wandscheider, was made to the French city. The *Maire*, in an eloquent speech, accepted it, promising that it would be held in honor by his fellow-citizens and by their descendants as a memorial of the *fraternité de l'héroïsme*. The Emperor then approached and laid two wreaths upon the work of art, one for the German and one for the French heroes. It is a beautiful incident, fortunately not the only one of its kind.

The practice of usury in "a great many national banks" has apparently become so excessive that it has called forth a protest from Washington. The Comptroller of the Currency has mailed a letter to all national banks calling their attention to the law against usury. The letter states:

This office regrets to report that the sworn statements of condition of a great many national banks show that section 5197, U. S. revised statutes, against usury, has been grossly violated by these banks. You are respectfully advised and admonished that this provision of the national bank act should be faithfully observed by all national banks, their officers and directors, in accordance with the solemn oaths taken by directors. You are requested to read this letter at the next meeting of your board of directors, and to have it inscribed upon the minutes, and to send a copy of this letter to every member of your board who may not be present at such meeting.

In the course of a speech made some weeks ago by a Federal bank official he charged that in some cases usury as high as 2,400 per cent was being exacted by certain national banks. "Here in this country," he said, "we find bankers, men in a business who should be the most respectable, as it is the most responsible of all secular avocations, literally crushing the faces of their neighbors, deliberately fastening their fangs in

the very heart of poverty." These are terrible words and seem to indicate an appalling condition of morality in certain financial circles, at a level with the "law" of the jungle. There is sore need for Christianity among the rich, and among the poor.

The Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago has issued a booklet entitled "The Real Jail Problem." According to statistics 8,600 persons are annually sent to the county jail. Of these, it is said, only about 1,600 are found guilty. What then of the other 7,000 who are imprisoned? Men, it seems, become jail-birds and suffer the trials of imprisonment only because they are too poor to provide bonds. It is stated that the vast majority of the 15,000 persons committed to the house of correction every year have not been found guilty of any offense deserving a house of correction sentence, but are there because they were too poor to pay the small fines imposed.

In 1913, 82 per cent; in 1912, 82 per cent; in 1911 and 1910, about 86 per cent of all the prisoners in the house of correction had been committed solely for the non-payment of fines. It is scarcely necessary to point out that ultimately these fines are paid not only by the men and their families in suffering and privation, but also by the taxpayers who support the institution.

The following recommendations are suggested by the Juvenile Protective Association:

Persons accused of crime should be placed on probation when unable to secure bonds. A different jail should be used for persons awaiting trial than the one for persons sentenced. A county jail should be a place of detention only for the few persons who cannot safely be released pending trial. A sentenced prisoner should be given an opportunity to work outdoors and a chance for improvement.

The manner in which persons, perfectly innocent perhaps, have often been confined with criminals, constitutes a sad page in prison history. Not extravagant reforms, but sound justice is to be desired. Our jails must not become occasions for making criminals instead of correcting them.

Premonitory signs are not wanting to show that there may be a discord in the coming Luther centenary. The *Guardian*, to quote a single instance, has the following reflections to make upon the subject:

Germans will certainly receive no such message as Queen Victoria addressed to the great gathering of 1868, when Luther's monument was unveiled at Worms. "Protestant England," her majesty wrote, "cordially sympathizes with an occasion which unites the Protestant Princes and Peoples of Germany." The phrase reflects a mentality which belongs very much to the past. Religious Englishmen of today bethink themselves rather of the primary truths which make up the Catholic Faith than of the points on which they may differ from Rome, and they are more interested in St. Francis or St. Theresa than in Luther. No doubt Providence used him for great ends, but his character looks less and less beautiful in the searchlight of history.

A striking comparison between Luther and Balaam is strongly suggested here. Having gone thus far may not the writer likewise come to see that even such a comparison gives undue credit to a man whose rebellious spirit was assuredly not chosen as an oracle by God? By their fruits ye shall know them is the test of the Holy Scripture. Luther himself acknowledged with supreme chagrin that the world which had accepted his doctrine soon became far worse than it had been before. Certain it is that the Catholic Church could not have gone wrong in her teaching, else the promise of Christ would have been false and Christianity itself a delusion. There was merely need of a reformation of morals, owing to a sad neglect in many parts of the precepts of the true Faith which in itself can be productive of sanctity only. But the required reformation in morals did not necessitate a denial of doctrine and a rejection of Peter to whom Christ gave the keys of His kingdom.